(Jingle)
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THE REMARKS OF JEREMIAH JINGLE.

"I no man call an ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass."

GAY.

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NUMBER I.

October 16, 1807.

NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI,
QUO ME CUNQUE RAPIT TEMPESTAS, DEFEROR HOSPES.

HOR. FLAC.

Such an itch for scribbling has at this moment seized me, that it is impossible to resist its impulse. When a "whim wham" of this kind takes possession of my brain, it is in vain to attempt its expulsion; it always keeps its post as my hobby horse until superseded by some caprice of a more whimsical nature—I have long had a most unconquerable desire to see some of my own composition in print, and have at last determined in spite of synics and critics (for whom I care not a pin, and that a headless one too), to gratify my humour. Careless about the opinion of every human being, be it man, woman or child, I shall not commence by invoking any thing either human or divine, animate or inanimate, to crown my undertaking with success.

I write, as I before told you, for my own gratification, not for the amusement or edification of any person whatever, and would not give a rusty button to avoid the malicious sneers of illiberal criticism or to obtain the applause of the majority of those who deem themselves competent judges of literary merit. As for the world, I just care as much for the world as it cares for me, and to tell the truth, that is precious little. I did indeed once enjoy the *good opinion of the ladies*, but *that* I have irretrievably lost by a most unfortunate *faux pas* committed the other evening in their company—An observation on the *altered shape* of one of my female acquaintances hurried me into a severe philippic against the use of *corsets*, she coloured as deep as a red nos'd son of Bacchus, and without exordium, preface, introduction or any thing of a preliminary nature, burst into a harangue the most eloquently abusive that ever dropped from the mouth of any but a female orator.—Thank H——ns!! the want of breath at last terminated or rather suspended this torrent of invective. Using more exertions in her wrath than the tightness of her stays would permit with impunity, she was forced to retire for a moment, to have them unlaced, with an intention of renewing the attack with fresh vigor. But I disappointed her ladyship by taking myself off, in a manner much more substantial and to a much better purpose than I had done either the ladies or their *corsets*; I congratulated myself all the way home upon my critical and blessed escape from a second specimen of female oratory. But this is not the only ill consequence that arose from this circumstance; Miss Staytape told it with her own comments to Miss Gadabout, Miss

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Gadabout with her exaggerations to all the town, and in five hours I was ruined with the whole sex. Disdainful tosses of the head and repulsive frowns are all the satisfaction my conciliatory advances have met with since that unlucky affair. But my reader must be tired of this digression. It is to me a matter of perfect indifference whether he is or not, and he may read it or let it alone as best suits his own inclination. This perhaps you will say is not a very suitable style for a man whose coat is out at the elbows. —Now! why may not a man feel and act as independently in a ragged coat as in a whole one? Tell me ye critics, ye proud unfeeling race! Tell me why may not humanity in the tatters of indigence assert his prerogative as well as in the gorgeous habiliments of unmerited wealth and exaltation. Would that my uncle Toby and corporal Trim were at this moment alive, that I might propose that very difficulty for their solution. An't please you, would the corporal say, and so it may, and by H——ns it shall, would my uncle Toby exclaim. Ah! I have often thought if this world was composed of uncle Tobys and corporal Trims, we would have other guess work of it. Many a moist cheek and tearful eye would be tried. Many a sickly, shivering mendicant who pines under the hand of disease and penury, would be taught to forget his afflictions and taste the comforts of a home—And I—what should I get by it? Why, I should get a new coat to be sure! One digression only leads to another, and I had almost forgotten that there were several preliminaries to be settled with the reader. This may not be the last production, that will appear under the present signature. As the "whim wham"

wham" which induced me to write this, may be a periodical one; you may hear from Jeremiah Jingle, perhaps oftener than many of you wish. As it is thus determined that I am to waste paper and plague the public, it would perhaps be satisfactory to know in what style it is to bed one—whether in the Salmagundian, the Shandean, or in the style of the present production. Why, as for that, it shall be performed and executed in every style,—in the plain, the neat, the elegant, the sublime, the bombastic, the phlegmatic, the splenetic, the caustic, and finally, to be brief, in every manner of writing which has been devised since the birth of that ingenious philosopher Maximus Magnenius, who flourished in the year 0. I shall confine myself to no particular mode or manner of writing, but just as the wayward whim directs, tho' it be even in the scriptural style,

Diversity will arise from several causes—first, I'm in love; secondly, in debt—deep—very deeply immerged in both, and I will tell you something, Sir Reader, as a great secret, which you must keep inviolable, that it is much easier to get into either than to get out again—Be advised by my woeful experience on your journey thro' this world—Go any distance out of your way rather than come in contact with Monsieur Cupid—you may lay it down as an established Maxim in forming your opinions with regard to all my productions, that whenever you find me moralizing with methodistical severity or with cynical petulance, that I have received either a *flat* or a *dun*—but only give me a snug corner by your fire side, a finger or two's length of tobacco (pig-tail I mean) free from the interruption of

duns

duns and the tyranny of cupid, and you will find me as merry a grig as ever terminated life's journey with a hop, skip and a jump.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER II.

October 23, 1807.

. . . . "Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captatrisus hominum, famamque dicasis;
Fingere qui non visa potest. Commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane
caveto."

HOR. FLAC.

IN my last number I warned the reader not to be surprised at the mutability of my stile; for I am a fantastical sort of being that does every thing by fits and starts, just as the notion directs. A whim different from the last, having now taken possession of my brain, I must gratify it, and disclose my sentiments on another subject and in another manner. My spleen or good humour ebbs and flows in a great measure with the tide of my purse; and having been just inhumanly assaulted by a detestable caravan of iniquitous duns, I feel so much out of sorts, that I scribble away what comes uppermost without caring why or wherefore. Looking around me for something to write about, there is nothing so prominent and so consistent with the tenor of my mind at *this time*, as the vices of the age. Satire is by no means

means my choice; but as I have just repelled a most desperate *lunge* made at the bowels of my honest reputation with the pitchfork of slander, I cannot forbear throwing the gauntlet in my turn, and levelling the double-tongued vagrant with the dust. The ladies may think I've thus turned hero to excite *their* admiration and obtain *their* invaluable plaudits; but let them not calculate too liberally, lest they should be out in their score—for since the memorable *corset affair*, I feel but ill disposed to scribble either for their gratification or amusement.

But to the purpose. Slander may be called a demon of Hell, an embassador of Pluto, sent to persecute virtue and innocence, and to convert loveliness and piety into deformity and vice; to cause irreconcilable dissensions between man and man; to place that hideous monster (jealousy) between husband and wife; to counteract one of the first orders of divine dispensation, the harmony and intercourse of the sexes; in short, to put an end to all domestic tranquility.

The senates of Greece and Rome had their train of dastardly calumniators; but they had also their inducements. Ease, wealth and preferment here invite to calumny. Here vice in its most attracting and deceptive garb, holds out a luring bait to entice and bewilder the heedless victim into its inextricable snare. Here the devotee is guided more by the understanding than the heart; his tongue executes, while his heart shudders at the meanness of the pursuit. He that could conciliate the favour of the factious demagogue, no matter by what means, whether by murder, butchery, or what's by far more henious, the assassination of character, might solace himself

self with the reflection, that his villainy had ensured his aggrandisement. When hoary headed age creeps on apace, & debility steals o'er his system stung by the pangs of a guilty conscience, the suggestions of an odious habit are for a time suspended; his mind becomes abstracted from terrestrial objects; his senses are chilled with horror and amazement, that he should have so far lost sight of his real character, as to have pusilanimously designed the injury of a fellow being for no other remuneration, than that which emanates from his unjust and detestable acquirements. But the effect is of short duration. The return of the man is but the ephemera of the moment, and only serves as an incentive to future abominations. So powerful an influence has ambition gained over him, that futile in the extreme would prove the effort to resist the powers of temptation.—What then is to be done? There is no alternative; and if to persevere be derogatory to principles of honour, a retrogression would be the forerunner of certain destruction. Thus then has he attained the acme of humane wretchedness; has heedlessly plunged into a gulph of infamy, from whence there is no redemption. The spirits of the injured haunt his couch and disturb his repose; the pangs of contrition and remorse would lend a helping hand and prepare him for a future and a better state; but they come too late. Even this trifling relief is denied him. When the mind has become a prey to ruthless despair, it admits of no consolation. Already he feels the wrath of an injured and avenging God; and when turning his anxious and wearied sight to find some means of atonement, horror and confusion overwhelm him. His life has been a *routine* of

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unpardonable atrocities; and when dissolution presses hard upon him, he dies under the scourge of untimely repentance, a martyr to his own vicious propensities.

This then is the direful catastrophe of the sycophantic courtier, who blindly contemns public opinion and public good, in order to effect the execution of selfish and execrable plans. However approbatory such conduct may appear in the judgment of one who boasts himself a man of the world; or however offensive to the tenets of the rigid moralist, yet as "we are all by nature prone to error," and as courts hold out many invitations to vice, the man of benevolence will at least sympathize with the unfortunate, and look upon these considerations as some palliation. But what can I say in extenuation of the conduct of another class of mankind, who detract and scandalize merely to gratify their infernal dispositions, without the hope of emolument? Shall I call them human beings and thus degrade the noble appellation; or rather Pluto's political automata, minions of the Rhadamanthian court, employed to scatter the seeds of discord amongst the virtuous and upright part of the creation? Here nature seems to have intended the perversion of her wisest purposes, by uniting bodies so noble with souls so contemptible. When considering maturely upon this subject, I am led involuntarily to exclaim "o tempora, o mores!" These speculations recal to my mind the character of Miss Gertude Gadabout, whom I had occasion to mention in my last, and to whom I had unfortunately the *honour* of an introduction. I lament the circumstance, because I've been made the dupe of her artful blandishments. Not that I'm

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in love with her either, no!—But unsuspicious I lent an attentive hearing to her professions of esteem and regard. The sacred chord of friendship apparently touched on her part; my heart responsively echoed its genial tone; I nourished the glowing sentiment, nor discovered 'till too late, my bosom had expanded for the reception of a viper. My reader perhaps may not be displeased with a description of this lady; and although not notorious for the coruscations of my fancy, yet in drawing Gertude's portrait, as I humbly conceive, beauties will seldom occur; the nice touches of an adept consequently will not be required. As the traits in her character are very prominent, and when thoroughly understood make an indelible impression on the mind, for the harmony and welfare of society I will attempt a short sketch of her. Knowing her then as I do, you may court or avoid her harpeian presence as prudence or your own inclination may direct. Miss Gadabout is a girl of some reading, with a smattering of every thing; but proficiency in nothing. Very pungent at times in her remarks, with just knowledge enough to inflate her with self-importance and give her an air of *hauteur* over those whom her ladyship may please to deem her inferiors; these are all her female acquaintances, who have not like herself a dozen coxcomical fools dancing attendance at her gown-trail, or obsequiously bending at her imperious nod. Vain of personal charms, though in fact hers are only imaginary. None can escape the bitterness of her invective, who has the slightest pretensions to a superiority in that respect. An object of envy is alike an object of revenge. Un-

accus-

accustomed from her infancy to restraint; reared in the arms of parental indulgence, she neither affixes bounds to her direful appetites, nor curbs the workings of her vindictive inclinations. Secure in the garb of apparent innocence, and the respect she knows to be due her sex, she has erected a battery of scandalous and malicious tales, has mounted Pasquinades as her ordnance, and pours forth her thunders without discrimination. Her shots are aimed with art and winged with fatality. Age, character and respectability are equally the objects of her insatiable malice.

Wherever she turns her hideous step, she scatters horror and consternation around her. Shun her as you would a basilisk, lest her venomous glance should cause your destruction. If you be virtuous, avoid her the more; for virtue is not congenial with her nature, and a qualification so truly enviable would only cause her to point you out as her prey, and immolate you on the altar of defamation. Ignorant of the situation in which Miss Gadabout and myself stand relative to each other, it may be asked with a phiz of wonderous importance, why should Jerry, who is preaching up morality, thus expose to public scrutiny the foibles of a fellow being? Let them hear. Jerry, you must know, has too much of the "milk of human kindness" in the composition of his soul and body, to wantonly asperse the character of any one without some cogent and plausible reason.—He once fell into her clutches, where as usual he was so barbarously handled, that had it not been for a reputation invulnerable to the goading shafts of hatred or malice, and a system of deportment undeviable from the path of rectitude, in all human probability he too would have

been

been sacrificed. But armed at all points with his own innocence, the well known good will he bears his fellow creatures, and the vigilance of his friends, was enabled to prepare a suitable reception. Twice and thrice she renewed the attack with redoubled energy; but lo! as often found *innocence* and *integrity*, her undaunted and hereditary foes, to vie with. At length by one well-timed and manly exertion, she was driven vanquished from the field, to invent at leisure new and more cruel machinations, and to realize all the mischief that lay in the compass of her *well cultivated* mind, or that her luxuriant brain was capable of engendering. By this time you will perceive that Jerry is uninfluenced by uncharitable motives—that his observations are not incompatible with that inestimable mandate, "do unto others as you wish they should do unto you"—No! believe me, they are unimpregnated with any species of selfishness—as free from malice as the pure air from corruption. But having escaped the massacre himself, he was desirous that the world should know the means, that it might exert them in similar difficulties.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER III.

October 30, 1807.

. . . . QUID RIDES? MUTATO NOMINE, DE TE FABULA NARATUR.

HOR. FLAC.

TWO or three evenings ago, for the first time since my unfortunate *rencontre* with Miss Staytape, I ventured to shew my phiz to a large collection of females. who had got together at madam Moppet's, to play the pantomime of GRIMACE & AFFECTATION, *to see and be seen, to say little, to think less*, and in short to do nothing else, but *to look at each other*, if I may judge from the general silence that prevailed. Now, you must know, that the object of this visit was not solely intended to repair the breach occasioned by the *corset affair*, but partly designed to exhibit to the view of the company, *a new coat*, which fortune or rather *fortune's tailor*, had thrown into my way. I have no time to tell you any thing more about this coat, only that it is a black one. In my next you all hear more about it, as well as a biographical sketch of the life and adventures of its predeces-

You state, Mr. Critic! the life and adven-

tures

tures of a coat! Yes, let me tell you, Sir, there has been many an old coat would afford a biography infinitely more amusing and better worth the reading, than the life of its wearer.

But, by the bye, a partiality for this old and worthy friend, which has kept off the rude assault of many a wintry blast, had like to have driven from my *pericranium* a most enlarged description that I intended giving, of madam Moppet's *redoubtable party*. Apropos, I'll abridge the narration and introduce myself into the room, without any of the forms or ceremonies of entering, except to tell you, that I made three or four very low and obsequious bows, the last of which had like to have proven injurious to the handle of my face, which came in contact with the edge of a large mahogany table setting in one corner where I had shuffled myself by bowing and scraping—And now that I am fairly seated, what next? Why—in the first place, I took special care to secure a good portion of pig-tail in a place, that had moistened and caressed many a precious bit before; I then looked around to see whether I was welcomed or even taken notice of by the company, and so forth.

The first object that caught my view, was Miss Penelope Spitfire, who sat nearest to me.—A word from her, addressed to me, and which broke the general silence, prevented any further survey of the *sweet creatures* who decorated the apartment. Well, Mr. Jingle—says she, with a scornful sneer—how dare you shew your uninvited face among the ladies *again*, after your insolence? and without waiting for a reply, flirted off, muttering contempt, till she seated herself at the opposite side of the room.—Well, well—

thought

thought I to myself, this is a pretty good omen in favor of my wished for reconciliation—So I sat by myself, silent and unnoticed for a considerable time, engendering "*whim whams*"* in my brain, the result of which you shall hear.—*Uninvited*, heh! thought I to myself again, Miss, you were to besure, not far wrong in your calculation; but Jerry's not the man to stand upon ceremony and wait for invitations, when there is *good cheer* and *no reckoning*; not that Jerry wants generosity, but he wants the means to gratify an unfortunate propensity for many of the luxuries of life. Under the influence of this "whim wham" I walked direct to the side-board, and in defiance of lady Moppet's disapproving frowns, toasted the island of Madeira in a bumper.

This in my opinion, was not so bad either; for I recollect that Shakespeare said,

"All the world's a stage,
"And all the men and women in it, players."

So I consoled myself under the consideration, that I had performed my part, at least of this scene, with an admirable theatrical talent.

My next advance towards a reconciliation, was the taking possession of a vacant chair by the side of Miss Charlotte Daisy, whose looks betokened more benevolence than I had just experienced, and flattered me with the hopes of something like civility.—I commenced with one of the usual

* Certain persons have been so good as to charge Jeremiah with being indebted for this expression to Salmagundi. Let me tell them, that in this, even Salmagundi has no pretensions to originality. By turning to the 7th Chap. Vol. V *Trist. Shan.* they will find that it is to the inimitable *Sterne*, we're indebted for the phrase.

al exordiums of the lack-learning gentry; this is a pleasant evening Miss Charlotte—yes Sir, said she—and so we went on for some time; but the deuce a word could I get from her longer than monosyllables, and they too always laconically couched to frame a sheer reply. Hers was not however the reservedness of contempt, but simply for the want of mental resources;

"'Twas all she said,
"'Twas all she had to say."

I felt perfectly secure and happy in her company; for the varied expression of her countenance made ample compensation for her silence. She had as pretty a pair of black eyes as ever conveyed a genial warmth to the love-sick heart of a dying swain, a lightning smile and animated grace, calculated to charm every beholder. At every question her roseate cheeks were suffused with the vermilion of modest diffidence; mild, unassuming, innocent, interesting. I could have knelt with adoration before her, and kissed the fringe of her frock with respectful deference—But it will be said, Jerry must surely be in love with Miss Daisy—Not at all, for altho' I have before told you, I was under the influence of Cupid's tyranny, yet the shaft he employed to wound my heart, was shot *many a weary mile from this.* The reader will excuse this digression, for he must know that Jerry is pretty much of an egotist, and will talk of himself on all occasions, find fault with it who may. But to the party. After the civil treatment I received from Miss Daisy, I summoned impudence enough to take a full survey of the whole circle of ladies in the room—They were all supplied with beaux, even Penelope herself—who,

"With

"With a withering look
"A war-denouncing visage took,"
And kept her luckless wight at bay.

Never did an Arch-Duchess demean herself with a more lofty port! never did a Princes-Royal assume a more majestic air, or scowl defiance in a more dignified manner! never did she commence one of her colloquial routs that Jerry did not tremble for propriety, for decency, for the purity of his mother-tongue.

Such was the train of my cogitations, when immediately recollecting my little Brunette, I turned about to say something to her; when lo! to my surprize and mortification, I found she had avacuated her quarters, and was just going to take a seat by the side of madam Moppet. I had no doubt but what the old lady had taken advantage of my inattention, and given her the nod to desert me. I could hardly help exclaiming openly against the procedure at the time; but prudence advised me to forbear and tell her of it in this way.

Madam was as prim and precise as a waxen figure, her face had assumed the colour of a Turkey-cock's gills; but whether this proceeded from her taking too strong a *pull* at the beverage, which had invited even *himself* to a nearer acquaintance, or from anger at Jerry's unsolicited visit, he will not pretend to determine. It seemed as if the Beldame had numbered *starch'd airs and physiognomical twists* among the graces, from her continued use of them.—Enough of Mrs. Moppet—Peace be to her *manes*.

During the short time that I yet remained, I particularly noticed Miss Cecilia Simper, who, you must know is one of your unfledged birds of

fashion

fashion, who has just terminated her *lustrum* of childhood. She was screwed up to the nicest degree of fashionable *contortion*, and engaged in a sort of whispering familiar converse with a young macaroni who was moping attendance at her elbow—In fine, the whole conversation of the company was such, as only to excite curiosity without affording gratification; so I took a *quid* of pig-tail, arose, made a bow and left them—But no sooner had I shut the door, than my organs of hearing were stunned by a horse-laugh more loudly vociferous, than any that ever arose with a vulgar mob of spectators at the freaks of a Merry-Andrew————Was this intended for Jerry? or was it not? Must I have the "slow-moving finger of scorn" pointed at me, without resenting it? Have I been the sole object of contempt and ridicule, for that motly group of rantipole females? Yes....said Common Sense... And will you submit to it? said Justice—No—exclaimed Revenge. And I will *not*, I swear by the beard of Pharaoh, *I will* not. I will tell them of their follies, I will expose them to public view, and public scrutiny—Yes—my fair reader; (if any of your *gentle* sex deign to read my remarks) take timely notice from Jerry *now*, correct your foibles, or I'll tell you of them, *in terms*, compared to which, what I've already said, is mildness in the extreme. I mean occasionally to administer a sovereign dose, which shall serve as a kind of panacea for the whole sex. I will flout, babble and fling flambeaux at you 'till you reform, and trust, that by the time I have taken you thro' the ordeal of strict examination, you will be as pure and as immaculate as a lobster.

Having devoted perhaps too much time to the de-

description of this party and my feelings on the occasion, I must now claim indulgence to give a little piece of advice to the curious wise-acres of the day, who have been so busy in endeavoring to find out the author of these productions, and who have at different times so confidently ascribed them to various persons.

I have to advise them, for their own sakes, to give up a search which will doubtless prove a fruitless one, as it is utterly impossible they ever will know him. There is also a particular gentleman, whom I shall designate with the name of Bonum Securum, to whom, while I'm in humour, I'll give a bit of wholesome counsel; let him evince less acrimony hereafter in vilifying my productions, and not be so outrageously profuse in applying to them epithets of contempt and disapprobation, or I'll give him a pill that will work his clab-board carcase into a fit object for tea-party ridicule, and will make him whine and wince under the force of newspaper flagellation, 'till the *lachrymae* of contrition shall flow down his lanthorn cheeks. Few, if any, will know to whom I allude; but the upstart stripling Bonum himself will feel the whole effect of my remarks in all their degrees, both *latitudinarily* and *longitudinarily*.

It is really diverting to me to hear the number of persons, to whom the knowing ones have ascribed my productions; and yet in all their conjectures, they have never *hit* upon the right one, and most probably never will — They have thought of all tribes, sects, professions and denominations; the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Lawyer's boy and the Legislator has each in his turn been pronounced the real author. In the case

of

of the last mentioned gentleman, I feel myself bound to clear him of the imputation—His mind is (what I do not profess mine to be) a magazine of useful commodities; nor do I believe, that, had the gentleman in question ransacked the very garret of his understanding, he could not have found as much *rubbage*, as Jerry has already committed to the ocean of public inspection. As for the first gentleman, I understand he's a literary character, has winked at the accusation, and in a measure plead guilty to the charge. Now, if this be a fact, I cannot blame him, presuming him incapable of claiming more than his own; but, in all probability, he may have forgotten whether he wrote them or not; so that I will only beg leave to jog his memory a little, by telling him, he really is not the author. The Lawyer, I think, I can safely vouch for, and absolve *him* too from the charge; for however expert he may be in "song inditing," "epitaph writing," and so forth, yet I believe the town will generally agree with me in saying, that 'tis no mark of discernment to attribute the remarks of Jerry Jingle to him. As for the Student of Law or *Students*, (as some will have it) they need no advocate; they stand acquitted—To be sure Jerry would not wish to detract from the merit of the youngsters, yet can't let them have the credit of writing what they will not pretend to claim. Either or all of them, he will readily admit, might "shine brighly conspicuous" in playing "Blind Man's Buff," "Hull Gull," or "Tag upon Wood" with the girls; yet it is a matter of great doubt with him, whether any of them would attempt to wield such a pen as

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER IV.

November 6, 1807.

HIPTUM SKI—BEEFUM SNATCHAWAY,
COTUM FRY—POMPO PATCHAWAY.
MUCKLE QUEE.

THE author from whom this elegant sentiment is extracted, is so generally known and admired, that it would be unnecessary to give my reader a history of his particular excellencies. Of all the refined and justly celebrated morals and sentiments contained in his voluminous writings, none better deserves our serious attention than the above quotation. Do not flatter yourselves that I intend giving you a translation of it. I write for the learned, the enlightened, the illuminated; for that description of the literati, who can penetrate through a brick wall into the occult meaning of every thing that was ever sang or said, although it had no meaning or signification whatever. Now this is the only class and description of people who will fully understand and clearly comprehend the purity, the elegance and sublimity of my motto, and this is the only class for whom I scribble. As for the nincompoop, dunderheaded jackass tribe, who

can

can understand only what has an obvious meaning and is comprehenſible to the capacity of the most ignorant and illiterate chimney-ſweep, they may remain ignorant of my motto, till mottos become, as unfashionable as honesty is with the lawyers, or good varnish with the shoeblacks. In my last number I promiſed you, that my next should contain biographical sketches of the life, adventures and genealogy of my old coat, but have deferred it on account of more important matter which accident has enabled me to lay before the public: This is neither more or less than a letter written by a Hottentot from this country, to his ethnic friend of the cape of Good Hope. I shall not inform you by what means it came into my possession; whether by purchase or deſcent, is a matter of no importance to you. It would indeed be a pretty piece of business, if every man's title to whatever he posseses in this world, and exhibits either for profit or amusement, should be canvassed, scrutinized and enquired into by every inquisitive medler who chooses to busy himself about other people's concerns. Many a son of mammon would quake at the scrutiny; many a purse-proud oppressor of innocence, who lounges away a life of idleness amidst the splendor of ill-gotten wealth, would shrink from the enquiry. Ask him how he came by that splendid equipage, how he acquired the glittering paraphernalia that surround him; remorse would hold its victim silent, but the guilt-moved muscles of his face, the deep tinge of conſcious villainy, would declare the truth more eloquently than any language—By grinding the poor, and taking advantage of the unprotected situation of the indigent and the needy—by every species of

fraud,

fraud, oppression and extortion, to which the inordinate love of money could prompt a villain. Now by no one of these means have I Jeremiah Jingle obtained the Hottentot's letter; and if you are not content with this explanation, all I have to say upon the subject is, that I shall not take the trouble to give you a more satisfactory one. The writer of the letter in question is not quite so diffuse as Rub-a-dub Keli-Khan, or so erudite as Zirpokow; you will find him a plain-spoken, well-meaning, inoffensive kind of a Hottentot Gentleman; and from his making them so much the subject of his animadversions, a profound admirer of the Ladies.

KAREEKA to TOOLEY.

Dear Tooley,

In the last letter I wrote you from this vast and fertile country, I gave you a general description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, with a promise to be more particular in my next, in my remarks on the female sex. The Ladies in this country in many respects resemble our Hottentot Ladies; but nature has not done half so much for them. Their slender fragile form and the prominence of the features of their face, ill accord with Hottentot ideas of beauty. They have none of that agreeable compression of the nose, that inviting exuberance of the lips, which so conspicuously adorn our Ladies of the Cape and constitute so great a part of female loveliness; but it is in their hair that they are most defective. How unlike the soft, jetty, delicate ringlets that curl on the broad, elegant, dusky fore-

head

head of a Hottentot belle. They seem to be sensible of this defect, and have used every means in their power, by expedients of art, to hide the deficiencies of nature. Their solicitude to hide this imperfection is very observable in all the kraals through which I have passed. No sooner am I announced by the whoops and yells of the unruly boys, than the busy curiosity of the Ladies sets them all agog; from the windows of every house as I pass, out pop five or six heads at once, all ragg'd and tagg'd and jagg'd with bits of old newspapers designed to alter the hempen straitness of their hair. Much as they differ from our Ladies in the circumstances which I have mentioned, yet there are many points in which a resemblance is observable. They appear equally fond of ornament, and load themselves with a great quantity of brass trinkets, for which you know our Ladies of the Cape have a great fondness, and stick them indiscriminately on every part of their dress, whenever they can procure them. In the scantiness of their dress, which is far from being sufficient to protect them from the severities of the weather, they seem to imitate more closely the fashion set them by our Hottentot Ladies. You must be convinced from these observations, that my partiality for my native country has suffered no diminution from time and absence. Never shall I forget you, my dear Tooley! never while the heart of Kareeka beats, shall thine image, my beloved Tarkaa, all lovely as thou art, be eradicated from my bosom. Low indeed is thy statue; but what is deficient in length, finds ample compensation in the breadth of thy graceful figure. The smallness of thine eyes, the flatness of thy nose, the thickness of

thine

thine lips, are unequaled by all the beauty of the hoard. The glossiness of thy well-greased skin outshone the glistening brass. Never did a pampered duck of Muscovy waddle with more majestic slowness. When shall I again behold such perfection! Never, my fascinating and all-accomplished Tarkaa, never shall I behold thy equal. A sudden flash of recollection presses heavy on the soul of Kareeka, and incapacitates him for further description. Farewell, my dear Tooley; and that you may enjoy domestic felicity, and ever have the constant and ready assistance of Mumbo-Jumbo, to keep your wives in due subordination and proper subjection, is the wish of

KAREEKA.

How the Ladies and the critics will relish the sentiments and remarks of my Hottentot friend, might be a matter of some speculation; and with the Ladies and the critics I leave them. But a word with you, Gentlemen, before I take my leave of you. Let me tell you, that in your remarks on Jeremiah, you overshoot [illegible] yourselves in the most ridiculous man[illegible] you do the thing, sirs, most barbarously, most wretchedly, most pitifully. You mangle, and murder, and butcher it most shamefully. By the very individual jawbone of an ass! with which Sampson slew the Philistines, I swear, that you know no more about style, than uncle Job's blind horse about metaphysics. Do pray, Gentlemen, read Tom Thumb over again—take up the english grammar and read it with attention — stuff your empty noddles with a few articles of necessary furniture—and then you may abuse Jeremiah as

much

much as you please; at present you only excite his pity, not his resentment, you have his sincere commisseration; but no other sentiment whatever have your aukward and clumsy coach-horse attempts at criticism been able to excite. Now I should have no objection to be abused, if it was done scientifically. If it was done in a masterly manner with the nice touches of an artist, it would afford Jeremiah some satisfaction; but to hear you hiss and cackle disapprobation as vociferously as the whole battalia of a farmer's yard, let loose on a vagrant cur, that accident had thrown on their dominions—and that too, before you have read the production! by the threadbare texture of my old coat, it would provoke the spleen of any but such a cheerful sort of a being as Jeremiah Jingle. As a specimen of his good nature, Jerry deigns to give the following notice to those witlings, who have troubled themselves so much about his *important* self: Know ye therefore, all both men and women, by these presents, that in as much as Jerry smiles at the comments of the ignorant, whilst he pities the softling bickerings of those who are not so, he will take all opportunities to return the portion of abuse he may receive from those he deems worthy of notice; and to those who shall hereafter take upon themselves any of his characters, his advise is, that they pine in silence, as they need never expect any satisfaction or explanation from Jerry in future. His intention is to lash the prevailing follies of the day, and never wantonly to wound any man's feeling, unless justified on the principle of retaliation and self-defence.

So endeth the chapter of enunciation.

I will

I will now call my reader's attention to the correction of an error, which crept into my last number. He, no doubt, remembers that part, which speaks of a certain Gentleman's having winked at the charge of being the author of my productions. I now feel no hesitation in declaring, that I believe the Gentleman never did wish, nor gave any person reason to believe he wished to be thought the author. It was a misinformation that induced me to speak of as I did, and one that was brought from such a source, as I had no reason to call the correctness of in question at that time. My plan, I've already said, was to speak my sentiments unequivocally on all occasions, when I thought myself justified, and so I trust I ever shall. But when I have been led into an error by misapprehension or incorrect intelligence, I think it a duty which I owe to myself, and to those affected by it, to give an explanation. In the present case it was the mistaken zeal of a warm friend, that gave birth to the accusation, and conveyed it to the author of these productions. As to the Gentleman's abuse I consider it as the offspring of a splenetic disposition, on the supposition of being injured, and shall therefore overlook it; but with this reservation, that all future abuse shall be returned two-fold, and all potency of arm or pen set at defiance.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

N. B. Caveto Bonum !

NUMBER V.

November 12, 1807.

IN no town that I have ever visited, whether Christian or Pagan, inland or seaport, corporate or not corporate, is public spirit so astonishingly prevalent, as it is in this same Hagerstown. You may talk of ancient Sparta, the early days of the Roman republic, but it is all nonsense, children's play to the prodigious, the unparalleled, the vast exertions that are here made *pro bono publico* every day. It is really much to be feared that each individual will neglect his own particular interest amidst the general anxiety to promote the public good. No longer than a few weeks since, a patriotic citizen promised and undertook by his own proper means and exertions, to bring a turnpike through the very town; and that too, a turnpike ready made. The plan was all settled and every thing in a fair train. He had nothing more to do than to clap it into a bag, fling it across his shoulder, and in a trice

all

all the wagons, broad-wheeled & narrow-wheeled, carriages, carts, gigs, coaches and wheel-barrows within the environs of the aforesaid town, would be rattling and thundering over a bran span new turnpike. Alas! the people were incapable of penetrating into the facility and cheapness of this new mode of procuring ready made turnpikes, and refused to furnish him with a bag. The ingenious projector was forced to relinquish the design, and all the vehicles whether for profit or pleasure, still continue to run hub deep over unpaved roads through mud and mire, and all for the want of an old bag. However this inconvenience will one day be remedied, at least within the precincts of the town. It would be unjust not to mention the public spirited expedient which the inhabitants have devised for paving the streets. All the filth, lumber, rubbage, &c. of whatever nature or description, is permitted to lay in the street wherever it may happen to be thrown. It is hoped the daily accession to this mingled promiscuous mass will in the course of time form a smooth, regular and complete pavement. In carrying this plan into execution, the materials they seem principally to rely on, are the carcases of cats, rats and dogs, but nothing is rejected. Every little helps, according to the old woman's maxim; so they seem to think. As for the foot-pavements, they need no amendation. I never look at them that I do not pity the shoemakers. They are so level, so uniform, so tender of shoe-leather—the poor fellows must suffer for want of employment. I would seriously recommend to the consideration of those who have the care of such matters, the propriety of

rough-

roughening them a little, merely to give business to so worthy a part of community. It would certainly be very humane and perfectly consistent with that disinterested anxiety, to promote the general pleasure and convenience which is extended even to the gratification of the juvenile part of society. The engines were brought out a few weeks ago for no other purpose under the heavens, but to amuse the little ragamuffin rabble of the town—at least it is fair to conclude that this was the case; for although in bad order, they were returned in precisely the same situation. This was fine frolick and fun for the little boys and the *big ones too**, if we may judge from the general and joyous hubbub it produced.

To see how dextrously and expertly the gallant engineer played his part, directing the "watery deluge" now up, now down—now this way, now that—it would have made even the surly Diogenes relax the gravity of his muscles into a smile of satisfaction. If Sancho Panza had seen the intrepidity with which the cake-women and their gingerbread was assailed, the honest squire himself would have acknowledged, that it surpassed and transcended any exploit his master had ever performed, not even making an exception in favor of the magnanimous attack upon the windmills. The cake-women and their gin-

ger-

* Jeremiah is not to be understood here to mean exclusively the lawyers and doctors boys.]

gerbread intrenched themselves behind the pillars of the market house, and were secure from any further effort of the enemy to annoy them.

It is surprising what fine public-spirited little boys we have in this place. To express the ardor of their zeal for the general good, they busy themselves in every thing of a public nature. Their parents seem to be perfectly sensible what manly, perfect, promising little fellows they are; and never impose on their actions any kind of restraint or restriction whatever. Their present conduct bespeaks their future actions so meritorious, there is no doubt that many of them will be *exalted* even *higher* than the expectations of their best friends could anticipate.

Our young fry of the feminine gender offer equal expectations of something extraordinary. They are not a whit behind their male compatriots. Like them they almost live in the streets, and act as their youthful inclinations prompt, without any check or controul from parental authority. This, it must be confessed, is all very well; it gives them a proper degree of *confidence* in themselves, and teaches a knowledge of mankind. It divests them of that modesty which is so unbecoming in a *fashionable belle*, and so troublesome in the intercourse of the sexes. Indeed they are perfect little women already; they can assume airs and graces, talk scandal, and quarrel about trifles, as well as their seniors. Alas! I never mention scandal, that it

does

does not bring to my mind an unfortunate difference it created between me and my old coat. The story is this: Miss A. remarked to Miss B. that it was ill shaped. Miss B. reported the observation to Miss C. with the addition that it was not paid for—and by the time it reached Miss Y. there is no slander in the vocabulary of calumnies that was not heaped upon this devoted garment. I began to think my coat was really as bad as the young Ladies asserted it to be; and under this impression parted with it to a certain legislator for a new waistcoat and two yards of pigtail. A very short space of time discovered to the legislator the imputations under which the coat laboured, and induced him to bestow it on a lawyer's boy, as a compensation for writing him a declaration. By this time I began to think, that I had lent too willing an ear to the malicious tales set afloat, to injure the fair fame and reputation of an old and faithful companion; and upraided myself with ingratitude in being so easily prevailed upon to discharge it. My chagrin and uneasiness was increased, when I understood that the young Non Pros, in whose possession it then was, when in a certain humour, was very much addicted to the *mastication* and *deglutition* of old clothes. Trembling for the fate of my veterian castume, I determined to rescue it from his devouring jaws and make it once more the property of its original owner, and found it no difficult matter to get it in exchange for an old pair of *breeches*. Peace to the manes of this part of my venerable

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wardrobe; they soon fell a victim to the unaccountable appetite of young Non Pros.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER VI.

November 20, 1807.

THE OLD COAT AND OTHER THINGS.

THIS is cold weather, said I to myself, casting a glance at my old coat, and almost shivering as I examined its thin texture, rendered a cobweb by the destructive fingers of time. The thin texture of my coat acknowledged the truth of my observation. I am afraid, said I—addressing myself to the time-worn vestment—I am afraid young Non Pros has not used thee well. Its miserable and shabby appearance again formed an answer to my remark, and acknowledged its correctness. I have before informed my readers, that it was out at the elbows. This is the fruits of being an old batchelor. Do not sneer at Jerry, my pretty misses, it is not his fault. Five & twenty flats have I received, and been in love times innumerable. Twice since I commenced these helter skelter heels over head productions, have I paid my *devoirs* to two separate young ladies; but neither of them would have me. Indeed I scarcely ever saw a pretty girl

girl that I am not smitten; and I have a peculiar way entirely my own in falling in love. It is not that I am actuated by the cause which influenced Mynheer Jasperus von Clomp, who fell in love with his Lieber Shatz, because of her dexterity *in tramping sourcrout*; nor am I governed by the criterion which determined a certain learned judge of Pennsylvania, who was smitten with his dulcinea, because of her agility in jumping fences. I believe it is simply and purely, because both by nature and education I have great partiality for the whole sex. If I could only bring any one of them to think as I do, that notwithstanding my old coat and spindle-shanks I am a right tight clever fellow, there would have been a Mrs. Jingle before this; but that I never could effect. When I pop the critical question, they always take a sly peep first at my old coat, then at my shanks, and invariably say—no! Now whatever you may think of it, this is what I call a flat, and next to a dun is the very worst misfortune a man can experience. However light it may sit on the shoulders of some people, it makes me fume and fret for a whole hour, and sometimes I do not get over it for the better part of a whole day. It is indeed a very terrible thing and extremely well calculated to put a man out of humour; but still it is not quite so bad as a dun. Every person must be pretty well convinced by this time, that it is not my fault that I am an old batchelor. I find upon repeated trial, that I have nothing for it—but to curse my hard fate—live single—and wear ragged clothes all my life, unless indeed some kind damsel would be good enough to mend them for a pipe of tobacco, which is all the compensation I can make for such a

ser-

service. Pity me, my fair readers, and let your gentle hearts be softened at this testimonial of my misfortunes. Believe me, that notwithstanding all your foibles and all your frailties—notwithstanding all the indignities you have heaped upon me, I still love you all, and would willingly receive a favour from your fair hands. Consider that to have a hole in my heart, is bad enough; but to have one in my coat, is the very d—l. Unless you would duck him in a horse-pond, which by the by I am told is a very excellent cure for love, you could not place a man in a more disagreeable situation. However let the worst come; Jerry will devise some means to keep himself warm. He has internal resources which never desert him under the pressure of misfortune. His imagination once fired with some wayward whim, duns, flats, every cause of uneasiness is at once forgotten. The glow of imagination imparts a warmth to the whole system, and the chill Decembery blast unheeded may howl in vain. In such a mood my own cogitations serve me both for food and raiment—and for drink too, when I can get no better. 'Tis then, ye proud oppressors of little indigence, I am elevated far above your greatness. The air-built castle of my imagination overtops the most magnificent of your fabrics; and they sink into insignificance before the superiority of imaginary baseless structures. 'Tis then I would not exchange my chimeras for all your wealth—for all your comforts—for all your luxuries; of these you never can deprive me. Although I may be thrown on the charity of an unfeeling, an unpitying world—although I may be doomed to brave the merciless storm, without a shelter to

pro-

protect me from its fury; still I will retain that light-hearted forgetfulness, which wipes away the impression of a care 'ere it is stamped upon any forehead. Melancholy and I never travel far together. I trip it merrily along life's journey with every light-footed and light-hearted goddess I meet. But as for melancholy, that dull inanimate hag, that agent of death, I never permit her to come near me, unless sometimes she intrudes into my presence accompanying a dun. This, you may depend upon it, my gentle readers both male and female, is the very best way to get through this world of troubles; and so my uncle Job, who is a very wise man, used always to say. I have heard him often declare, that if a person permits every cross incident which turns up through life, to make him fume and fret, he may whine and whimper from his cradle to his grave—and not make things any better for all. For my part, said he, I have taught myself to laugh at every occurrence that happens in life however disastrous; and in proportion as it assumes a more sombre melancholy hue, my mirth becomes the more obstreperous. For instance if I lose my wife—I smile; if it be my cow—I titter. But if it should happen to be my horse that I lose—I laugh outright. My uncle Job, you perceive from this specimen, is a very curious out of the way sort of an old fellow, and you shall hear more of him. He is at least as often right as wrong in his opinions; and in the present instance I feel very much inclined to be his disciple. Farewell flats and duns.----Farewell uncle Job and the old coat, for the present. I bid you all adieu.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER VII.

November 27, 1807.

To the public I submit the following letter, which I received a few days ago from cousin *Wrangle*. How far the sentiments are congenial to my own, shall appear on another occasion.

MR. JEREMIAH JINGLE,

Dear Cousin,

I Last week borrowed a bundle of news-papers from a very good neighbour, who devotes his Sundays to reading what he can't understand, & thrusting them into my pocket, hastened home with as much expedition as my legs could carry me to read the news; (for you know I am a mighty newsmonger, and like to hear and to know all that passes in the great world concerning either church or state; and a little scandal now and then is not unacceptable. Not that for any consideration this side the grave I would seek to stain the fair name and reputation of man, woman or child; and I long since have been taught to believe by our good rector, who preaches to his congregation *on every stipulated day, if nothing happens to prevent him*, that no rewards for defamation are to be expected on the other side; unless indeed it happens to be uttered under cover of a black gown, or is suesfrom the pulpit whence

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nothing sinful can proceed; for out of good no evil can arise. Now this is orthodox, and very greedily swallowed by most of our good and pious parishioners, who would burn a heretick and think it acceptable in the sight of God, and who from the purest principles of religion are unremitting in their attendance at church, if perchance the weather is fine, and the riding and walking good. But if it happens to rain, is a little muddy, or if old Boreas in a playful mood whistles rather louder than usual, thinking like good Christians as they are, that they discharge their duty if they pay their clergymen, (for they can bend their religion to their circumstances) they very contentedly stay at home, leaving the parson to pray alone and preach to the empty pews, which are sometimes better filled without them. And whilst he, *thinking nought of harm*, is thus engaged in meek devotion, they place themselves at their windows, where young misses are to be seen counting and remarking on all who pass, gazing modesty out of countenance, and giggling and tittering and elbowing each other at what should tinge the cheek of delicacy. Nor are older dames, who should furnish both precept and example, better employed. But if the parson appears in view, going either to or from church, sneak, miss skulks behind the casement or door; and for mama "squat like a toad" she is in her chair in a twinkling, with her prayer-book in her lap; but whether turned upside down or not, need not be enquired into; and shaking her foot, sits with averted head, as if not knowing or seeing or thinking of what or who passes in the street—And in this very pious and rational occupation at their windows, in which occasionally nei-

neither age, sex or virtue is respected, they deem themselves protected by the prayers of the church, to the benefits of which, having paid or rather subscribed for them, they think themselves entitled, whether in church or out; and so they certainly are—but if prayers like other commodities are valuable and beneficial to those who purchase them only in proportion to the price paid, I tremble for a great majority of our worthy parishioners; for in truth they pay their parson very securely. But what they lack in money, many of them make up in good words, of which they are very lavish, (when it answers their purposes, but not otherwise) and with demure look cry aloud, that Mr. —— is the best man in the world, and that he never *speaks ill* of any body, or *tattles or meddles* with other people's business; and in this I agree with them, except that the parson sometimes makes rather too free with—the ladies; I therefore am no heretick, and in no danger of being burnt, and in justice to so good a man will add, that he performs in church the duties for which he is paid; and mindful of the precept, "increase and multiply," is at all times in readiness to join in holy wedlock all who have hardihood enough to require his services. But it is presumed he will lack employment in that line, since to marry and to sip the dregs of the cup of bitterness, is in our village the same thing; for to be and to appear lovely, is here a crying sin in a married woman; and to speak to, or to look at any other than her husband, a damning proof of a damning crime in the opinion of some of our would be thought spotless mademoiselles, to whom the adage "the most guilty are the most prone to suspect," *cannot be applied*. Sweet souls,

they

they never thought or dreamed, much less practiced ought of harm. They differ from all others both in body and mind, and never judge of others by themselves; that would be too liberal, that would be judging too favorably of their own sex; and therefore what would be innocent in themselves, they pronounce to be confirmation of guilt in others as "strong as proof of holy writ;" but in whose favour the difference really is, can only be seen in the registry above. In such times when to be married and respected, is to be envied; and to be envied, is to be an object of defamation, however it might militate against his views and interest, the unmarried would do well in despite of the *frequent exhortations* of our worthy divine, to avoid matrimony and continue single, altho' the world should thereby become unpeopled; not that the work of creation would stop as a necessary consequence. And by the bye, if instead of handsome moral essays which do honour to his head and pen, but which two thirds of his congregation do not understand, our parson would preach to their feelings, and make himself understood by alarming their fears, he would better answer the purposes of his vocation; for in no other way can he correct that growing disposition to utter and encourage detraction, which threatens the well-being of society. But though, as I have before said, worlds should not buy me to be a defamer, yet a neat dish of scandal now and then, handsomely and skilfully served up, is not unpalatable, provided calumny is not an ingredient; for when that constitutes a part of the dish, the whole mess nauseates and disgusts, however high the seasoning. Of all characters on earth, a calumniator is the *most* dangerous and detestable; and whene-

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ver I meet with those who are in the habit of assailing the reputation of others, I am involuntarily led to suspect their integrity and veracity.—But what am I about? Without intending it, I have become a moralist, and in the spirit of moralizing have run into a digression almost as long, and in utility I fear not unlike the train of our cousin Jenny's gown, which, dragging behind her at the distance of many yards, to the great annoyance of all within its sweep, knocks up a dust wherever she goes without cleaning the streets, the only possible good purpose to which it could be applied—And so with my episode, which might vex, perplex, annoy and kick up a dust among certain of our parishioners therein specially alluded to, without amending their manners, morals or dispositions, which require correcting just as much as the streets require cleaning, and God knows they are filthy enough. But to return to the bundle of news-papers, which my kind neighbour as a special favour was good enough to lend me: As soon as I reached home, and be assured there was no time lost on the way, I locked the door to prevent interruption, and seated myself in form to indulge with news a hungry appetite; when, on opening the bundle, the remarks of Jeremiah Jingle caught my greedy eye; and regardless of every thing else, I read them with as much avidity, as some people swallow every slanderous tale they hear. At first I thought that some merry disciple of Momus, fearful of letting himself be known, had artfully borrowed your name, under cover of which to give his waggish vagaries to the world; but a second perusal, and a little family pride, corrected the error & convinced me that they were written by

no

workings of curiosity, it is because they are more lucky than some others have been—for such is their wonderful propensity to see and know every thing, no matter of what nature or at what expence, that they will watch at cracks, keyholes and interstices for hours together; and if they chance to descry a mouse, the poor innocent little animal is magnified into a beast of monstrous size and shape, and straightway its hideous deformity is whispered to the neighbours with all the advantages of bitter exaggeration that a heated imagination can afford; and what they can't see, their fervid fancy creates, which is all the same; for thus fancy formed, they give it to the world as circumstantially as if it really did exist. Not a young man lives in the village, whose private haunts are not traced, and whose most midnight deeds are not known. But you will not be surprised at that, when informed, that all the chambermaids, white and black, in the place (and some of the valets too) are said to be in the secret service of these two young ladies—And then there is the parson too, who as I before remarked, sometimes makes rather free with the ladies; for example, he has been known to ascend the pulpit, and in the presence of the whole congregation very gravely strip all the ladies stark naked, and expose their pretty necks and ankles to the surrounding beaux, then tax them with a want of modesty, and charge them with unmasking their whole artillery of charms, with a view of carrying the men by storm; telling them at the same time, that is not the way to get husbands, and that if they wish to be married, (a subject which he very frequently and strongly enforces), they ought to wear long clothes and tie

their

their gowns tight up under their chins. Though with great difference I never could perceive, that there was more virtue in a long petticoat than a short one, yet notwithstanding all this, and *a great deal more which he sometimes takes the liberty of saying*, very few, if any murmurs of complaint are ever heard. The truth is, what he says, makes very little impression; not for the want of *merit* either in the *sermon or the preacher*, but because unfortunately nothing (however good) which comes from the pulpit, is sufficiently attended to or remembered beyond the walls of the church. And as for the young ladies, whose outlines I have endeavoured to sketch, they have the privilege to say and do just as they please; because fortunately they have outlived the esteem and confidence of their neighbours. But, my dear cousin, you are complained of and abused, because not having forfeited your title to respect, you speak things which some people cannot avoid feeling. By mixing with the world and noting every thing that passes, I have however discovered that the good, the sensible, the virtuous part of the community are your friends, and in my zeal to serve you hasten to communicate it—and trust me, like *a good and true relation* I shall always be glad to serve you, when by doing so I can gratify and serve myself. And (for I will not conceal it from you) the gratification I promise myself in this instance, is the malevolent one, of witnessing and enjoying the writhings and contortions of those, who may smart under the lash of your pen. I trust therefore, that encouraged as you are by the approbation of all who respect and can distinguish merit, you will go on as you have began, and continue to lash, mince

and

and dissect *latitudinarily and longitudinarily.* I beg pardon of Mr. Bonum Securum in plainer english then, that you will attack and expose vice and folly in whatever form, or in whomsoever you may find it. And when *little niblers* (for there are such about you, of whom it may be fairly said that their fate is "*suspended by a hair,*" their heads being tied to pigtail cues of only six hairs each) venture to assail you, just brush them off as you would a fly that lights upon your sleeve; they deserve no other notice. I would now conclude with the usual professions of love and friendship, &c. but that in sketching the outlines of Miss Crabstick, I omitted a circumstance which might be important, should you feel disposed in any future number of your remarks to give a finishing to the portrait; I therefore beg leave to introduce it here. There is a certain disease, under the wonderful influence of which men are sometimes turned into girls, "and maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks"—Now the circumstance I omitted is this: It is reported and generally believed, that this wonder-working disease ycleped the Blues, sometimes lay fast hold on Miss Crabstick; and then—ah! why then I leave you to judge of the wonderful workings of her fancy. Should any thing hereafter occur worth communicating, you shall hear from me again; for with the best disposition in the world to serve you in the true style and spirit of a relation, I am, dear cousin,

Yours sincerely,

TIMOTHY WRANGLE.

Errata.—*In page* 7, *line* 11, *of this number read "tart" instead of* "taste."

NUMBER VIII.

December 4, 1807.

A LITTLE OF EVERY THING.

AND am I thus to be the sport of every wayward passion! tricked, cozened, cheated out of my peace of mind by every neat-turned ankle and blue eye that Cupid throws in my way to vex and torture me? I would rather be ducked in a horsepond five times a day, and live upon cold pudding all the rest of my life, than to be so constantly hipp'd and bedeviled about those who are ready on all occasions to make themselves merry at my expence, and with my torments. The pretty murdering savages first put the victim to the rack, and then divert themselves with the ingenuity of their tortures. They fire his soul with a smile, and then enjoy his writhings, his agonies and his groans, while under prolonged tortures he undergoes the sudden vicisitudes of hope and despair. At last tired of the affair, they put an end to their cruelties with one significant impressive frown, and the love-stricken wight seeks the poniard, the halter or the puddle-hole, to terminate at once his woes and his existence. Although I myself have never known an instance to conclude with this fatal catastrophe,

strophe, yet who knows what may happen. When I reflect upon the nearness of the Antietam and my extreme susceptibility, I tremble for the result of some of my love-fits. Grey eyes and red hair smite me instantaneously, and a name has before now charmed me into the tender passion, without ever once having a glimpse of the adorable creature who bore it. I have been more than once severely wounded by Molly, and Dolly kills me outright. I waded once midleg deep into a filthy gutter, with a view if I did not drown, at least to give myself a good sousing, which all proceeded from the influence and operation of love. 'Tis scurvy, pitiful, mean, thus to be the subject—the tool of petticoat government, which of all governments under earth is the most perfectly despotic and tyrannical. If her ladyship chuses to assert and maintain that white is black, the no-hearted sycophant must swear to the truth of every word of it, or he is banished and made an outcast from the sunshine of her favour. Too long have I groaned under this unceasing tyranny—this iron bondage; it is full time I had shaken it off, and self-emancipated taste once more the darling sweets of liberty. I am the first of the Jingles that has disgraced the family-name with such abject servility. Never was there a Jingle before my time, that could be convinced there was such a thing as love. Uncle Job, who I have before informed the public, has innumerable oddities and excentricities, would laugh and hoot at the idea, and call me a graceless snivelling scrub, to be pining and whining and sighing and dying after every puny petticoat that deigns to smile on my lanthorn visage. "A straight "waistcoat and a little birching would be an ex-

"cel-

"cellent cure for such softlings that are always "complaining about darts and smarts and Cupids and quivers." Coming from him, I take it all very kindly; for such is the perfect mildness of his milky disposition, I cannot find in my heart to harbour an evil design against a single hoary hair in his venerable head. He is so perfect an uncle Toby in his disposition—so harmless—so meek—so benevolent, I venerate the very ground he treads on. Besides all this, he is a very great man among the connection, and is as much admired for his ingenuity, as he is loved for the unvarying sweetness of his temper. Among his great and numerous inventions may be reckoned corsets for the ankles, which no doubt will be in great requistion. But the circumstance on which he and the family most pride themselves, is the discovery of a rich and an extensive copper-mine in a cock-loft—and even this does not terminate the catalogue of my uncle Job's meritorious performances. It would be injustice to my dear relative not to mention the celebrated and voluminous work he has composed upon nothing. It contains a vast variety of useful morals and sentiments, far surpassing even the writings of Maximus Magnenius, and which I would not exchange for all the volumes of Linkum Fidelius, and the turnspit of Linkum's last descendant into the bargain. The profits arising from these, together with those arising from a partnership with Andrew Affidavit in the sale of ready made turnpikes, will no doubt make uncle Job a very rich man; and as I have been a fellow-sufferer and a partner in buffeting the rude gales of adversity, he has promised that I shall likewise be a sharer in his prosperity, now that fortune

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begins to look with a more propitious smile on one of the humblest and most patient of her worshipers. The propriety of granting my uncle Job a patent for ankle-corsets, is now the subject of debate in our state legislature; at least it seems fair to conclude that this is the case; for it does not appear that the members are better employed, their whole time being taken up in deciding motions of adjournment. But as I do not intend that their honors shall intrude farther into this number, I shall leave them without farther molestation, building bridges over puddle-holes and issuing edicts against pigs, puppies and goslings, and proceed to something of infinitely more importance at least to myself.

And here permit me to indulge for a moment in golden dreams of future prosperity. I am convinced that none but the selfish would wish to deny me this temporary gratification, when it is considered how many dreary hours have rolled o'er my head, since one single gleam of sunshine has cheered my solitary pilgrimage through "this world of woes." The perspective begins to brighten, and the morn of happiness is beginning to dawn in the horizon of my prospects. There has been already innumerable applications to my uncle Job for his ankle-corsets, both by old and young, single and married, and every thing relative to the sale of ready made turnpikes goes on swimmingly. On the strength of it I am learning to put on a bold air and look big at little people, who have better hearts and better heads, but less money than myself. Without either the help of Sugan or Gad, I have learned to cut pigeon-wing in the nicest manner imaginable. But there is one essential qualification of a modern fine gen-

gentleman I am afraid I never shall acquire, that is the nack of swearing with a bold, daring, soldier-like emphasis. I very often find myself clipping a fine full-mouthed oath, and perceive it faultering on my tongue, while the busy impertinent monitor bids me pause upon its nature. But this evil a very little time and practice will be sufficient to cure; and then Jerry will be able to dash and splash and curse and swear with the very completest buck in all the town of Gomorah.*

How the ladies will leer and ogle me! I shall be as much pestered by the dear pretty creatures when I become rich, as I was by duns when poor. However this may be, one thing is certain, that a little of "the root of all evil" goes farther in softening the hearts of the fair sex, than all the arrows in Cupid's quiver. This is clearly and satisfactorily illustrated in the history of Peter Pickthank. Peter had a great desire to be a beaux, and bowed and scraped and was as officious and as obsequious as a spaniel. But notwithstanding all his complaisance, notwithstanding the gracefulness of his coupes and balances, the ladies could not endure him. Peter was ugly; he was impertinent; he was frivolous and trivial in his manners. However the matter was suddenly and entirely reversed. Peter became a monstrous prodigious favorite at all the coteries of fashion. No person or thing was heard talked or dreamed of but Peter Pickthank and *Peter Pickthank's new Phaeton.* His ugliness was converted into beauty; his forwardness became

* The name by which my uncle Job calls Hagerstown.

came the graceful case of elegant & polished breeding; and what was formerly termed the frivolity of his manners, was now denominated the fascinating gaity of a sprightly disposition. What in the name of wonder could have produced so sudden a revolution in his favour! Had Peter really undergone so entire a transformation, and changed so much for the better? Yes he really had; for by the death of a relation Peter became a man of fortune—a man of accomplishments. And finally, what did Peter not become? A few dirty acres, no matter by what means obtained, you may depend upon it, makes a vast difference in the aspect of a man's affairs. They form a much better cloak than charity, and cover a much greatter multitude of sins. I shall not attempt, by any second example, to set this in a clearer light. Look abroad into the world; consult fact; consult your own experience, and it will confirm the truth of my remark—it will present to your enquiry a tragic farce acted by a mixed motley group of tyrants and slaves, where all ought to be equal and enjoy equally the bounties of nature. But to pursue this enquiry through all the scenes of wretchedness and oppression which flow from avarice, pride, ambition—alas! humanity would weep and her swollen eyes drop blood at the bare recital.

It is time I should desist. I am getting into a strain altogether unsuitable to the plan of these productions; and I will conclude with an advertisement, which my uncle Job requested me to insert at the bottom of some of my numbers.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.—For sale by Job Jingle and Andrew Affidavit, and to be had at the corner of Cat and Dog Pavement streets, in the town of Gomorah, all sorts and sizes of the newest fashioned ready made Turnpikes.

JOB JINGLE,
ANDREW AFFIDAVIT.

NUMBER IX.

December 11, 1807.

. . . . . MAGNUM NARRAS, VIX CREDIBILE. ATQUI SIC HABET . . . . . .

HOR. FLAC.

SINCE the last, I have been so completely wrapped up in philosophical and scientific calculations, that I have scarcely thought of any thing but how to realize impossibilities and magnify "mole-hills into mountains." This will no doubt at first fight appear a strange and incomprehensible occupation for one who has his faculties about him; yet wonderful as it may be, the fact is even so. Accustomed from my first entrance upon the stage of life to associate with the *literati* of the day, it has always been a matter of astonishment with me, to hear the old Bobadales in their bacchanalian conventions, with a volume of *susquipedalia verba* and an air of conscious superiority, boasting of this, that and the other thing, of what they might, could and would do, if consonant with their inclinations. Frequently have I been on the very point of giving them the whistle of incredulity; but prudence, my better genius, my personal satellite, as often picked my ears and whispered me,

that

that I had not amassed property enough to dare put my opinion in opposition to their dogmatical and braggadocian assertions. In the whole it appeared a well-timed warning; for I clearly perceived that here argument would be borne down by a torrent of contradiction, & that a word from me would be overwhelmed by the impertinent gibberish of this despicable junto of self-created wise men. A deficiency of *rino* or the "lignum vitæ" was not their only objection to me. I bore in myself undeniable credentials of labouring under the vile and mighty imputation of youth, a failing in their eyes, which counterbalances every other consideration, and screens from observation the good qualities or recommendations (whatever they may be) of the unfortunate wearer. Thus then "mirabile dictu" they frown, sneer and snarl at the sentiments of a young man, whether meritoriously or the reverse, for no other reason under Heaven, than that they think themselves a superior order of beings. It was a galling thing to Jerry's pride, to be necessitated to stand mute and tongue-tied like a statue, and accede to the positions and *would be* syllogistical arguments, philosophical and logical conclusions of a set of men he deemed infinitely his inferiors in point of literary merit. Their ideas were extracted from folly, the very essence and quintessence of ignorance. This, thought I, is a flagrant violation of justice and very inconsistent with the principles of republicanism, which allows the meanest vagabond on earth the privilege of speech. What! shall I then be gagged and awed into silence by the supercilious frowns of a few presumptuous individuals? "Shall I observe them; shall I couch to their

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testy humour?" No! it cannot, shall not be—forbid it Heaven—forbid it every principle of honour and justice. The appeal was heard. Offended honour placed a *veto* on the decree and cried aloud for revenge. Now how to accomplish this, was a matter of great moment and serious consideration with me. Could I perform something that would outtop the brilliant achievements of the gallant "Amadis de Gaul," or would cause the world to ring with applause, then indeed I should be amply revenged, inasmuch as they would weigh lightly in the scale of intrinsical worth with myself. O! what rapturous sensations was the very idea productive of. A revenge untainted with any thing in the least degree offensive to the purest virtue and integrity, was the height of my ambition. This acquired, I should view the world as nought, nor look down from that pinnacle of glory to which I had attained, upon that merciless crew of wise-acres, who would have basely depressed and obtunded my genius in its very embrio, by the austerity and chilling *hauteur* of their manners. Enough of this aberration. After much meditation and fruitless conjecture concerning the expediency of adopting this or that mode of revenge, (for "revenge is sweet"), at length the most marvellous of all marvellous things that ever adorned the page of romance or entered the brain of a maniac, presented itself to my mind. This was no other than levelling the cotofton in a day, so as to spare time and labour to the roadsmen. O! what a glorious circumstance, to have thus stumbled upon fortune's football! What a lucky accident! Ages yet unborn shall read with admiration the works of Jerry Jingle. An insuper-

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able desire to excel, was not the only inducement which directed towards this noble deed. I was actuated with a little of the "amor patriæ," that golden sentiment, which renders man as invaluable to his country, as impervious to the least tincture of dishonour. Thus then, under the operation of two such powerful stimulants, it is not to be wondered at that I should have undertaken so arduous a task; particularly as it appeared easy in the extreme in point of practicability to some they boasted of having accomplished. What then will not a love of country effect? What will not that inordinate love of superiority and power inherent in the breast of man, prompt him to undertake and embrace with avidity? Shall Jerry then be delinquent, when he can render his country any essential service? Shall he meanly sculk behind the scenes, when he may stand eminently conspicuous on the theatre of fame? When these purse-proud lords command, shall he degrade himself by genuflection, and humbly wink at their unruly taunts and sarcasms? Never! better had he undergo a deprivation of existence, than stain *that* existence with a servile obedience to the whims and caprices of this narrow-minded and self-elevated herd, as notorious for their illiberality, as celebrated for their riches. He shall rouse from that state of lethargy, which has heretofore benumbed his faculties and restrained the ebullitions of his genius; shall do that which will make them insignificant in the opinion of the world, in proportion as his fame approaches the summit of attainment. He shall cause their haughty brows to knit, their teeth to chatter, and their sober sides to burst with jealousy and venation at his great and migh-

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ty performances; will learn them, that it is not *wealth*, but *worth*, which makes the man, and that they *shall* respect it, even though they find it in that contemptible animal, *a young man.* — Spurred on by the ardour of youth; my head crammed full of my plot; teeming with the expectation of enjoying the rewards of my labour, in a moment I applied my whole imaginary prowess. Here were men, there horses, this way carts, that way wagons, blasts and wheel-barrows, pick-axes and sledge-hammers, crow-bars and hand-spikes, all in operation at one and the same time. Every thing was in a fair and easy train for a happy completion; but no sooner had I flattered myself with the pleasing delusion of "reaping my laurels," than lo! the sun sat in the western horizon, and threw a last, a lingering ray on the dying hope of my immortal glory. Then it was, for the first time, I discovered I had been "building castles in the air." The clouds of ignorance which surrounded me being once dispersed, and the sunshine of reason having illumined my gloomy pericranium, I saw things in their true colours, and valued their brags, as they really were, the vagaries of a brain disturbed by the pelting storms of pride and ostentation. An insuperable desire of being thought great and wise men, was evidently the main spring by which their conduct towards me was regulated. For the first time I discovered I had been made the dupe to this desire; that placing implicit reliance on every thing they said, had been heedlessly led to grasp at things far beyond my reach. But the spell is broken. Experience, that faithful monitor, has taught me to be wise and to esteem modesty and diffidence as the surest indicatives

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of merit. They would impose upon the world the niggardly doctrine, that wealth and merit are inseparable; that a man's capacity ought to be measured according to the extent of his hoard. This is a logical deduction of theirs, sufficiently evincive of the *extraordinary* abilities from whence it derives its source. How far this argument (if indeed it merits the appellation) will take, is not for me to determine; suffice it on my part to say, that I entertain too high an opinion of mankind to suppose, they will for a moment yield them the point. Now what are their pretensions to more than ordinary respect and obedience? Why truly! their self-importance. Vain pride and scum of ignorance, you affect me not. I will revolt against your authority and expose your foibles to the ridicule of the world. You may assail my ears with splenetick and contemptuous epithets; but they only call forth the sigh of compassion. You may attempt to awe me into an acknowledgment of your superiority by huge and tremendous threats; but I regard them not. I care not for your gigantic statures, your *would be unlimited power*; and they avail only as a small puff of wind against the irresistible force of blustering Boreas. Be not regardless of this warning; amend your habits, or I will make you objects of disgust and abhorrence even to the rabble of the streets; will cause you to foam and rage like madmen, 'till

"Black choler fills your breasts that boil with ire,
And from your eye-balls flash the livid fire:"

Will scourge and pinch you, until I bring you to a sense of yourselves, and teach you, that you really are not better than your fellow beings.

Now

Now let's reason a little on the subject. Know ye then, ye little-minded old ones, that if you think by this means to ingratiate yourselves into the respect and esteem of your fellow-citizens, "you grasp at more than you are entitled to;" you build upon an airy basis, that will at one time or other level your greatness with the dust, and cause the "scalding tear" of repentance to drop o'er a heap of ruins. In days of old, when mankind were just emerging from barbarity, this "high blown pride" and frigid air might have reached their destined end; but the days of Gothic tyranny are past, and education, that enlightener of the mind, that "alma mater" of liberty and independence, having emitted her brightest rays through ancient and feudal obscurity, the people are no longer to be duped into a renunciation of their rights, to encourage dictatorial arrogance. They will scoff at your vauntings, nor lavish on you the honour of a thought. Despised, neglected, you will turn to yourselves for consolation—but *even* there you find not *man* with whom to consult; for he is no man, who has not a heart to respect the feelings of another. You would by this vain show of independence impose upon the world the idea, that you are in fact the dignified characters you wish to be. Know then, the world are no fools, nor so incredulous as not to believe, that he is the most abject of all dependants, who is a votary to the grosser passions and insensible to the finer feelings of the soul. If such be your independence, may the Lord avert it from, Gentlemen, your devoted servant.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER X.

December 18, 1807.

"WHILE YOU TOUCH THE SENSE, CORRECT THE HEART."

IT was buzzed about long since, when a number about as long as one of the pigtail cues spoken of by my cousin Timothy made its appearance, that Jerry was nearly *blown out*. Although I laughed in my sleeve and shook my noddle at this sage Solomon-like conjecture at the time it was made, I now feel that it was not so incorrect as I was then willing to believe it. So clearly am I self-convicted, that I am willing at the bar of public opinion, the tribunal before which petty scribblers like me are condemned unheard by the understrapping witlings of the age, to hold up my hand and plead guilty to the charge. What! are there no more specious vices that deserve to be stripped of their adventitious glare, and held up to public execration? Have the ladies relinquished scandal, and gadding and gossipping for the needle and their own fire-side? And are there no traits in the other sex, which deserve reproof and exposure? For the honour of both sexes I wish I could answer in the affirmative. Too true it is, that matter of this kind

is

is inexhaustible. The preacher might preach, and the moralist moralize in this "hot bed of vice," this town of Gomorah, 'till the last trump summoned its inhabitants to the final reckoning, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and still find ample scope in its extreme wickedness, depravity and corruption for the exercise of their functions, without going out of the precincts of the town. They might range over an extensive field of vices and follies, too numerous for the bare recital of their names. But it is the duty of every honest chronicler "to register as well the virtuous as the vitious; that while the one affords an example of imitation, the other may serve as a beacon, to guide the heedless and unwary footsteps of incautious youth in the path of rectitude. Hence arises my difficulty. So long has my pen been employed in sketching vice and deformity, I fear it will be no easy matter to be faithful in drawing the portrait of virtue and loveliness. Let me here invoke the celestial patrons of genius, who give inspiration to the poets, to look with a propitious eye upon my present undertaking. It is the character of Pamelia, that calls for a more than ordinary share of talents to do justice to its merits. All lovely and enchanting, she stands unrivalled a bright constellation of charms amidst inferior orbs, dimm'd by the lustre of her virtues. The elegance and simplicity of her dress,

"Unstained and pure,
"As is the lily or the mountain snow,"

is emblematic of the innocence and purity of her spotless mind. No pitiful little-minded passions dis-

disturb her bosom's repose; nor was she ever known to take part in the petty wrangling of the village, in which her cotemporaries are so eternally involved. No ebullitions of passion, no sudden sallies of ill humour interrupt the harmony of her associates. Her lips were never polluted with the tale of slander. Only those who are conscious of defects in themselves, are assiduous to blast the reputation of others. Conscience, that busy meddler, whispers to them their own title to contempt and derision; and instead of endeavouring, by the uprightness of their conduct, to silence its suggestions, they resort for consolation to the malignant pleasure of involving others in their own disgrace. It is then a happiness to plant in the bosom of another a thorn, similar to that which rankles in their own. This is an exploit worthy the agency of a fiend, and indeed is the very conduct which the Arch Fiend advised to the fallen angels, and which was so successfully practised upon frail deluded man. In the estimation of such as these, no character is too fair to be breathed upon by the noxious breath of calumny. However pure—however spotless—however immaculate, it is never thought beyond the reach of detraction. Indeed a reputation of virtue is alone sufficient to invite their attack, and make its owner a mark for the shafts of envy. But Pamelia, faultless herself, so far from being desirous of lessening others in the esteem of the world, consults the excellent dispositions of her own heart, which she makes her criterion in forming her opinions, and often gives them credit for more than they merit. The unaffected dignity of her deportment, and the unassuming sweetness of her man-

ners,

ners, conspire to render her an object of esteem and excite the admiration of every beholder. The harmony and tranquillity which pervades her bosom, gives a mild serenity to her countenance, which betrays the calm of inward peace. Like the Lavinia of Thompson,

"Her's is the mild lustre of the blooming morn."

Her personal charms——ah! here I ought to drop the pen. It would require something more than mere respect and esteem to do them justice. The subject demands the glowing fancy—the ardent imagination of a lover. But these are secondary to the qualities of the mind which I before mentioned, and which so eminently and so conspicuously adorn the lovely and accomplished Pamelia. What a pity it is, that the fair sex do not more generally think so; and if they did, how different would be their conduct from what it is at present. Every one of them would be a Pamelia, and receive that just tribute of applause, which the sensible and virtuous part of the other sex yield only to the qualities of the heart and head. Can those, whose whole time and attention are occupied in dress, visiting, balls and card parties, and whose minds are left a "barren uncultivated soil," filled with every noxious weed, expect to meet with approbation and esteem? Like the gaudy butterfly they may flutter away a few gay summer months of youth; but when the winter of age comes and silvers o'er the once auburn locks, wrinkles the smooth polished forehead, and destroys the fair proportion of the limbs that once moved "gracefully and nimbly" in the dance, destitude of all pow-

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er to please, they find too late how dreadfully they have misspent their time, and perverted the wise purposes—the best gifts of nature. Have those any right to expect happiness beyond the gay season of youth, whose whole time is employed in considering how to display to the best advantage any little superiority, which nature has lavished on their persons? After that period, it is the beauties of the mind alone that can attract notice and secure admiration. These never fade—these never lose their attractive, their never-failing power to please. They give to the possessors an internal source of happiness, of which no misfortunes can deprive them, gild the sun of their departing hours with unclouded serenity, and encircle with their laurels the silent mansion of peace. But alas, how inattentive are most of the sex to that nobler better part, which survives the destructive hand of time and lives in eternity. So far from ennobling that grand principle in our nature, which forms a distinction between us and the beast of the field, the soul is debased by a constant attention to trifling pursuits. But, say they, the tyranny of the other sex, by depriving us of the means, puts it out of our power to enlarge and expand our minds. Granted that they are not sent to the university to take degrees. True it is, they are not initiated into all the mysterious & complicated subtleties of the schoolmen, nor are they taught to reason with logical precision in syllogistic form; neither is it necessary to their pursuits in life that they should be. But is not the volume of nature open to their researches? Have they not books, and have they not time to study them? True, they sometimes do read; but what? Vile trash,

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that form a specious argument in favour of vice; seductive sophisms, that throw an illusive gloss over the frailties of nature, and present them in an amiable light; a combination of monstrous & unnatural representations, that fill the mind with romantic ideas and unfit it for the common social duties of life—such are novels, and such is the species of writing, which constitutes the greater part of a lady's library. Believe me, my fair readers, I have not "set down aught in malice." The object I have in view, is your good. What I have said, is not intended unnecessarily to wound your feelings, but to bring such of you as answer the description, acquainted with yourselves. When I mention your foibles, it is done with the purest motives; it is dictated by a wish, that the loveliest of creation may move in that sphere, for which they were designed.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XI.

December 25, 1807.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT,

BEING A CHAPTER OF DIGRESSIONS.

IT has long been customary in the Christian world, as often as this day recurs, for one acquaintance to bestow upon another something in token of his regard. In conformity to this usage, his friends and patrons will no doubt expect something of that nature from Jeremiah. The best gift I have to bestow, is nothing more or less than a little wholesome advice, to which the town of Gomorah in general, and its bucks and bloods in particular, are extremely welcome. Now, as I know that there are many ladies and gentlemen in the said town, who would rather at any time have a sugar-cake than all the good advice in the world, be it known, that for such sugar-cake gentry not one word of this number is intended. Surely the very pates of such folks are made of ginger-bread, into whose impervious skulls not one single solitary ray of reason ever penetrated, to cheer the dark abodes of ignorance within. Nature, when she formed them, instead of furnishing their pericraniums with a brain, by mistake stuffed every chink of it with the *offal garbage* of some swinish animal. Let

not

not such as those dare to open the sage volume of my uncle Job's book upon nothing, or peep into the remarks of Jeremiah Jingle. Particularly let no one look into this essay, that has not at least read one book and commenced the title page of another; for unless this be the case, he may cudgel his brains (that is, if he has any) in vain, to discover the volumes of wisdom that lays hidden in its mysterious pages. Mystery is the soul of sublimity, and it has long since been determined, that to be incomprehensible, is without doubt to be learned. I would not give the rusty tongue of an * old pewter shoe-buckle for the writings of an author, whose every sentence does not require at least one note and a frequent recurrence to the dictionary, to make it intelligible. Ye, who would wish to quit the dull plodding pursuits of common life, and cut a splash in the literary world, write in such a manner as to be incomprehensible, and you will be sure to reach the summit of fame. This is the plan which in future I intend to pursue, and the determination is the result of experience. I have always found, that those numbers which have a latin sentence lugged into the middle or tagged to either end of them, were sure to eclipse the plain homespun effusions destitute of these gay trappings. But I have been so much wrapped up in the

* All the world knows, what an old pewter shoe-buckle is. But if all the world does not know, I would just briefly and simply state, that an old pewter shoe-buckle is an old shoe-buckle made of pewter. Further than this, the learned philosophers both of ancient and modern times have not pretended to say.

the beauties of mystery, as almost to forget that I had promised my readers some salutary advice; and for the good of their bodies as well as their souls, it would be a world of pities that this immortalizing lecture should be smothered in its embryo. In the first place I counsel all of you, men, women and children, to behave and demean yourselves in a sober, orderly, decent manner, and at least induce your neighbours to believe, however little foundation there may be generally for the opinion, that there is still some small remains of grace left in Gomorah. Do not, by any manner of means, get drunk; for drunkenness, according to the newest and most approved mode of argument now in use, is drunkenness, and therefore is a very heinous crime. Because custom has on this day sanctioned merriment and a relaxation from the cares and business of life, it does not give its approbation to beastly licentiousness and a total deviation from the rules of decency and decorum. Be merry, but at the same time be wise, and restrain your merriment within the limits of temperance and sobriety. But I must cease this strain, and reserve my ethics for another occasion. A moralizing vein ill accords with the tone of my present feelings. I am as fond of fun and glee on a holiday, and can cut capers and play tricks with the veriest little "bread and butter" ragamuffins in the whole town of Gomorah. I love this day. It is a truly republican one in the purest, most proper and strictest sense of that much loved word. It places all ranks and grades of society—rich and poor—great and small—master and slave, all on a footing of equality, at least in point of happiness. Let us, my readers, such of you at least,

whose

whose hearts can expand to receive pleasure from viewing the happiness of others, roam together in search of scenes of human felicity. Would I could introduce you to the family of the Jingles, such as it was this day some twenty years ago, when assembled at the family mansion. It was an humble, but an hospitable roof. Alas! like the proudest structures of art, which would seem to bid defiance to the all-destroying power of time, it has with its inhabitants bowed its humble head, and mouldered into dust from which it sprang. This is, alas! but emblematic of mortality. Man, deluded man, forgetful of the frail tenure by which he holds every thing here below, goes on to build scheme upon scheme—fabrick upon fabrick, 'till

> "The sickle of a moment,
> Emulous of time's great scythe,"

sweeps him and all his visionary greatness into speedy oblivion. How awful! how instructive the lesson! Say, vain, busy mortal, does not the perpetual decay of every thing around you bring constant conviction, that to-morrow, or at least a few to-morrows, consigns your body to the worms, and ushers your soul into a world of spirits? Into what a world of wise reflections has the family-mansion hurried me! I invited my philanthropic readers to feast their benevolent hearts on human felicity, and have led them to weep with me over the tomb of my ancestors. To describe them, such as they once were, is the only compensation I can make for my involuntary fault. Let us resort to the antique hall, where my venerable grand-father and his aged

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consort sit surrounded by a numerous offspring, who owe to them their existence. Joy reigns in every heart & sparkles in every eye. See! they are seated at the social board, & the venerable sire is talking of other times—is telling of some boyish prank—some feat of youth, or some service done his country. At this moment his age is forgotten, and the fire of youth gleams in his faded eye, as the memory of past scenes rise on his fancy and call forth the almost forgotten feelings of his heart. As he surveys the listening audience, deeply attentive to the accents of experience that fall from his lips, love and veneration is depicted in each softened countenance, the blush of conscious worth mantles o'er his furrowed cheek. This is indeed a glorious scene. Here we see, human nature is arrayed in its best attire. While the soul dilates with the rapture of the moment, all sordid and selfish passions are swallowed up and absorbed in the interchange of soul. To see and feel properly such a scene as this, is worth ages of common existence. Come ye, who are formed of milder clay, and let us from this feast of the soul exclude the selfish. Ye, whose hearts never knew a sentiment of joy from contemplating another's happiness, avaunt! and profane not with your presence, what is hallowed to philanthropy. Ye cankered slaves of pale envy, intrude not on this happy group—go feed on the "venomous toad," and let your food be poisonous adders "alive from their dens." This befits your gloomy corroded souls. You are not fit to mix with man. The tyrant of the forest, the savage tyger, is your properest associate. Go herd with him, and learn to prowl in quest of blood to "snuff it from afar," and prey on man.

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We will leave this disgusting view of "Evil's baser progeny," and recur to better and to happier scenes. See! the venerable orator has ceased, and is caressing two little smiling prattling cherubs, that hang on his knee. The loud laugh, raised at the expence of no wounded bleeding heart, circles round the groaning table. All is mirth; all is festivity; all is harmony. A perfect unanimity of sentiment reigns throughout. See! how many self-approving glances the reverend couple cast across the table, as they view their happy smiling offspring, and raise the silent eye of gratitude to Him, the giver of every blessing. Oh! this is a picture I could dwell on for ages. But out of respect to thee, my dear uncle, I have done. I fear I have revived recollections bitter to thy memory, and said that which will pierce thy generous heart to the core.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XII.

January 1, 1808.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!

LOOK through every class of mankind, and we perceive in a more or less degree the baneful effects of dissipation. In no quarter of the globe does it afford a more extensive and inviting field for animadversion, than in the town and vicinity of Gomorah. Here I would not be understood to mean any reflection on the country folks generally, no! for the honour and well-being of society, I can conscientiously declare, that they are a sober, industrious, inoffensive set of people, that can at least do no harm, if they can do no good; that would not run foul of the decalogue, if the replenishment of their purses (their household-god) depended upon the violation. Their ambition, *poor souls*, is confined within the narrow limits of their iron coffers—avarice is their tutelar deity—in her their happiness, their very being is concentered; nor dare they disavow her influence, lest they should be arraigned and convicted of a "crimen contra naturam" at the bar of their sordid dispositions, to wit: apostacy to her principles. Leaving their mind a boundless void for the prosecution of *this* their "primo mobile," their heart's ease, they effectually secure themselves from my farther observation, as being objects unworthy attention. 'Tis not consistent with my plan to represent the errors of such as are incapable of comprehending the full force and extent of my observations; for this would be like "sailing against wind & weather"—

ther"—nor shall I make pack-horses of th[illegible] have it not in their power to avoid the po[illegible] ous weight of shame & mortification a few bo[illegible] truths ought to draw down upon them—the[illegible] have at my disposal; but feeling a sympa[illegible] towards every individual of the community, [illegible] spare my speeches, nor lavish them where th[illegible] is no means of retaliation. But it is to the [illegible] *of the first magnitude*, alias to the genius of [illegible] first order, I would more particularly addr[illegible] this number, men whose educations and situa[illegible] ons in life bear in themselves the *insignia* of [illegible] fence; for then it cannot with propriety be [illegible] that Jerry lays in ambush, and avails himself [illegible] some unguarded moment to attack his listless [illegible] victim defenceless and unarmed. "Honesty [illegible] the best policy;" and in as much as I deal fai[illegible] ly, uprightly and honestly by my equals, so sha[illegible] I expect to obtain the approbation of those no[illegible] ble-soul'd few, who are equally impartial in de[illegible] ciding upon the merits or demerits of my re[illegible] marks, as their minds are unbiassed by selfish im[illegible] pressions and local prejudices. As to the rest, did they but know how little I regard their senti[illegible] ments respecting me, they would spare their ca[illegible] nidian breaths, nor taint my writings with their loathsome opinions. Let them do their mind[illegible] against me, and "I will smile and more resplendent shine;" will only reply by "cease, vipe[illegible] you bite at a foil," and turn upon my heed wi[illegible] no other sensation, than a consciousness of my superior worth. Enough of this circumlocution, and a word with the wise—I mean those who re[illegible] volve round this focus of vice and depravity like the world round its axis. Now let me ask them, what can possess such attractive influence in this place? What *talismanick arcana* that so *powerfully* operate, is a mystery that involves in it some difficulty of solution; one that would

damp

damp the spirit of enquiry and call for Lyncean penetration. What can tear the husband from the warm and thrilling embraces of an amiable and affectionate wife, and attach him to the midnight orgies of vitiated corruption," is a theme that will admit much subtlety of reasoning and elaborate discussion—There the mind might wander over the extensive field of metaphysicks, until it became entangled in the innumerable causeways of knotty disquisition—*A night of the surplus* would say, that the Devil or some evil spirit stalked among us, and in the pure spirit of holiness recommend the expediency of exorcism. He would battle it with him on the *arena* of devotion with all the advantages of theological armour. This I acknowledge to be a sure though dilatory method of procedure. 'Tis absolutely necessary for the salvation of our souls and reputations, that we should devise some speedy means of exhausion. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies;" and as a fear *even* of the divinity is by no means a characteristick of this place, we must lay aside quack nostrums, and try the force and efficacy of a little ratiocination; 'tis a well tried *panacea*, that seldom fails of the desired effect when properly administered.

When I look around me—when the deep-rooted effects of dissipation, that "arsenick of happiness," daily present themselves to my view, I'm almost induced to relinquish my design as abortive, to think that the disease is irremidiable, or that its rapid strides will baffle superior skill. Here men, women and children are equally the votaries of this detestable habit. The grand climacterick of life, and the innocence of youth, are alike ineffectual barriers to its irresistible enticements. From the "cedis curulis" to the *toga*, from thence to the rascallion of the

street,

street, all are involved in the giddy round of dissipation. Here Pandora with Epimetheus must have opened the fatal *arca*, if we may form a just conclusion from the prevalence of vice and dissipation, with every species of corruption. But "the age of miracles is past;" nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the indiscriminate attention *here* paid, as well to the depraved as virtuous. Society is a grand piece of political mechanism; every part of which must have its allotted functions. Hence arises the different distinctions and classes that ought to subsist among mankind. The one moves in an humble, the other in a more exalted sphere—unite the two, and the whole system becomes disorganized. The partial intercourse, which is requisite for the maintenance of respect and obedience to superiors, becomes subverted and changed into the more daring claim of equality. No one acknowledging a superior, consequently the *scavenger* thinks himself entitled to the same privileges as the veteran statesman; all is confusion, all perplexity. Nor is this extraordinary, when we daily behold men of the first rank and character associating with the *ruffscuff* of the town. Did they select the virtuous and respectable of the lower orders, (even then not consistent with prudence and good policy) yet their conduct would not be so reprehensible. But when we see them obsequiously paying their promiscuous court, dissipating their time and reputations, we would spurn their presence as obtrusive, nor esteem them as deserving of the appellation of gentlemen. This system of conduct they flatter themselves will effectually ensure them the esteem and affections of the populace; but the supposition is equally unfounded, as the method unprincipled. *The people* are not thus easily to be imposed up-

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n by ignorance and frivolity. They will view his conduct through a proper medium; will scan the man, contemn the absurdity and laugh at his condescension. He is a bondsman in heart, who will foolishly and subserviently sacrifice his pleasure and convenience to the transitory approbation of the fickled and illiberal multitude. Here he has every thing to loose and nothing to gain, at least no such consideration as would justify the measure. But what is his object? Is it the acquisition of a little popularity? If such be the case, even the *effectum rogationem* will not atone for the sacrifice made in that behalf. Know ye then, deluded man! it can only be attained by honorable means. Venture not beyond your depth! You embark in a crazy barge that will shortly split upon a rock, (a dreadful wreck) and strand your sweetest hopes on the quicksands of vanity. For however abandoned, the people are not the less admirers of honour and dignified deportment. They approach it with deference, with a kind of reverential awe, that seems to indicate, that in their opinions *it* alone is adequate, to the establishment and maintenance of permanent respectability. They can discriminate between artifice and native simplicity, and will estimate you accordingly. They may feed your vanity with a momentary burst of applause at some ridiculous feit of yourself *(their political baboon)*; but this is only the offspring of enthusiasm untempered with reason, which glides by as the swiftening breeze that listeth not. Perhaps you may argue, that it is ambition which actuates, consequently your motives are laudable! Would ambition neglect pursuits in themselves commendable, and prompt you to descend to things beneath your notice? Never! "Ambition is composed of sterner stuff;" *it would have* urged you to aspire at something

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at least coequal with your rank and circumstances. But if peradventure you should declare, the faults complained of are inherent with your nature; that there is no deception in your conduct, not still so far respect public opinion as to amend your faults; to say you were a *brute* in disposition, would only be to assert a thing self-evident, nor requiring the aid of enucleation. Were I a nomenclator and ransacked the whole vocabulary of the English language, I should not find a term insignificant enough to convey the extent of my contempt & indignation. Here let me be silent, lest my honest indignation should hurry me beyond the bounds of propriety or decorum. Let me ask, if you indulge selfish enjoyments and "sinful affections" should alone regulate your conduct through life? Has society no claims upon you? Are there none to whom you are united by the sacred ligaments of nature? Are you a *son*? Have you an aged & revered father, whose anxiety for your welfare has ruffled his usually serene & placid countenance, has bent his care-worn brow and directed his tottering steps towards the mansion of peace. Are you a husband or parent? Have you not the innumerable endearments of an amiable consort to withhold you from dissipation? Have you no little lisping innocent prattlers, whose tender years require your fostering care, and call for your tuition in the furtherance of virtuous pursuits? Shall the "sins of the father be visited upon" these helpless innocents? Shall they be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as the graceless offspring of a degraded parent? No! the idea is distraction! Rouse then from your insensibility. If there be one spark of pride, one latent principle of honour yet remaining, let connubial and paternal affection call them into action. Weigh well your own *importance*, nor stoop to consider every one your

equal.

equal. Prudence and domestick policy require this step, inasmuch as the father should be to his child an object worthy of imitation. How far the doctrine of equality is admissible, is not for me to determine; nor is it proper that I should at present analize the principles upon which it is founded. Every virtuous and honest citizen *(as such)* is the same in point of intrinsical worth; but in proportion as he is not so immediately serviceable to his country, so does he lack in valuation with the equally virtuous and upright statesman.

There are other habits equally productive of dissipation, such as bear-bating, dog-fighting, &c. which are not unfrequent in this place. I could point out the fatal consequences originating therefrom; but these are subjects only adapted to little minds, though not the less pernicious in their effects. The minds of the inventors and pursuers must be equally depraved, as their morals are corrupt. Although Jerry is as fond of fun and jollity as the veriest little *rag-tail* in all Gomorah; yet as these are amusements which require depravity of heart, the nauseate and disgust him rather than create an interest. He has too much "human kindness" to stand a delighted spectator and behold *Towser* and *Jolus* with their brutal masters tear, limb and feed upon the blood of an helpless animal. "This is *abominable heathenism*." Jerry is a christian, and deals not in blood and tortures.

"Noscius hic radimantheus ardebat durissima regna, chastigatque auditque dolos." Opening a favorite author of mine the other day, I accidentally stumbled upon the above quotation. It immediately and forcibly recalled to my mind the ungenerous remarks of some of my readers. They accuse me of illiberality; they apply this or that opprobrious epithet, because *they would have it*. I have *satirised vices*, and declaimed against fo-

bles.

bles, that never came within my knowledge; that I form them in imagination, to correſpond with my diction or to ſuit the turn of my mind. Now for what reaſon theſe obſervations are hazarded, I cannot conceive, nor do I at all care. For the candid and virtuous of ſociety, thoſe who feel not the acrimony of my writings, I ſcribble; and to them appeal to know, whether or not one ſolitary obſervation of mine does not apply to ſome one or other of the town. On their deciſion I reſt my caſe; let them but judge impartially, as they are wont to do, and I fear not the reſult. Others, or *another*, a mere "novus homo," who has not as yet advanced one ſtep in the ſphere of gentility, has raſhly challenged to combat, by criticiſing on my productions, and menacing chaſtiſement, if I dared allude to him as to others; all this too, without the leaſt provocation. His inſignificance might have afforded perfect ſecurity and protection; nor would I even at this time have condeſcended to diſturb his repoſe, had I not obligated myſelf in a former number to return all abuſe two-fold. What are his pretenſions to criticiſm? Is he a man of extraordinary abilities? Is he no-notorious for his erudition? If ſo, I beg his pardon, and humbly acknowledge his right. If on the contrary his *poor* noddle is only ſtuffed full of *ſtale witticisms* and *cant phrases*, better had he be ſpeculating in *horse flesh*, an occupation more adapted to his genius, or retailing pins and tape, and not fooliſhly tempt me further. It appears I am beſet on all ſides by vermin. A *little petty* editor too has presumptuously dared to say, mine is "a rotten cauſe." Let that man beware, how he provokes my condeſcenſion, leſt I ſhould be induced to turn him "wrong-ſide outwards," and pluck the ſeeds of audacity *even* from their pulmonary reſidence.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XIII.

January 8, 1808.

IN my visits to the fashionable, which have become very frequent since fortune's wheel has made a rotation in my favour, the most fertile sources of amusement are the various opinions which I hear uttered with regard to my productions, and the innumerable surmises as to their author. Old and young, male and female of all classes and descriptions, think themselves all equally qualified to decide upon literary merit. The little miss, who has hardly reached her teens and scarcely exchanged her frock for a gown, pronounces sentence upon me with as little hesitation and as much confidence, as the hoary-headed sage. The whining school-boy, scarcely able to write his own name, and who cannot even define syntax as a term, exalts his voice amidst the general outcry. Among the elder class I find no quarter, except only from those, who are conscious that their's are the principles and practices of virtue. It is in the opinion of such as those, that I look for countenance and support. One sentiment of approbation from them, compensates for all the illiberal abuse, with which the vulgar can load me. Understand me, my friends,

friends, I am speaking only comparatively; for as an author I do not care one pinch of snuff if I had opposed to me the whole town of Gomorah and all its vicinity. I dash straight on through thick and thin, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and caring for the opinion of no person whatever, as long as my conscience acquits me of harbouring evil intentions. To be sure, if any person feels himself aggrieved, he will have an opportunity of seeking redress, it being my intention to sign the last number with the author's real name. This will not be done through any motives of vanity; for although I know mine to be the best compositions that have appeared since the flood, not excepting even the immortal history of Tom Thumb, yet unless to a particular friend, I would not impart this important secret. That my tropes and figures of rhetorick in point of beauty and correctness far surpass those of any other writer since the era of Muckle Que's existence, is a truth long since established in my mind. In what author is to be found such a variety of style—such sublimity of language—such fascinating, such irresistible yet unstudied eloquence, as are characteristick of the inimitable remarks of Jeremiah Jingle. But on this subject I have done. To ages yet unborn I leave as a flattering bequest the privilege of trumpeting my fame, confident that when this envious generation has passed away, I shall receive that just tribute of applause, which is now refused to merit. That few agree with me in this last opinion, I am well aware. I am by no means ignorant of the estimation in which I am held by the different classes of people in Gomorah. Do not stare, my little masters and misses; but ma-

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y of you, without having the slightest suspicion of your mistake, have more than once entertained me with your opinion of myself. It often afforded me infinite amusement to hear the shrewd remarks which fall from the lips of my fair readers, as I sit sly in a corner, collecting materials for my next number. Frequently when in company am I asked my opinion of myself, and whether I think Jerry is present; to which interrogatory I always reply in the negative. To raise a suspicion of the contrary, would spoil my sport effectually, and debar me the pleasure of hearing the lively unrestrained sallies of wit and humour, in which our sharp-witted belles and beaux so constantly indulge. Often have I heartily joined the laugh raised at my own expense, and am frequently the loudest in declaiming against the curvy, snivelling, impertinent, illiterate, clandestine fellow, who without any pretensions to merit, has presumed to intrude himself upon the notice of the publick. "What gives him a right to arraign us and investigate our characters—This fellow will one day be unmasked, and if the occasion is worth a prophesy, he will prove to be "no better than he should be." Thus I ingratiate the good will and excite the admiration of the ladies, by violently abusing myself. This, to be sure, is a novel mode of gaining approbation and applause, but in the present instance not the less efficacious on that account.—Oh! the undefinable, the indescribable pleasure of glorious quiz!!!

Some insist upon it, that I am a son of Esculapius, and live by the profession of medicine—others of a contrary opinion place me among the gentlemen of the bar—and some, not quite so generous, have determined, that I am only an under-

derstrapping limb of that profession. Indeed there is scarcely any trade, occupation or profession exercised within the limits of Gotham that has not at some time or other been bestowed upon Jeremiah. In the fluctuations of public opinion, I am sometimes hammering on the anvil, and at other times I am metamorphosed into a knight of the thimble. True it is, that it sometimes becomes my business to meddle with a goose; but this is by no means conclusive proof of my being a tailor.

Among all the conjectures hazarded about my important self, none discovers more penetration than that of a young lady, who declared as her serious belief, "that Jeremiah Jingle was neither than John Montgomery, or the last mentioned gentleman in conjunction with Bonum Securum, who had been caricaturing himself only to avert suspicion." Indeed she even went so far as to say, that "Pat Riley had a finger in the pie." For this opinion she gave as her reason, "that about the time the first number made its appearance, the honorable John Montgomery and Patrick O'Riley were seen standing together in close confabulation, earnestly talking over some matter of importance, which in her opinion could be relative to nothing else than the second number of Jeremiah Jingle." As I have no kind of inclination to throw the burthen of my sins upon any other man's back, I do positively declare, that the above mentioned gentlemen are in no manner whatever either directly or indirectly concerned in the writings in question. On the truth of this declaration I hope the public will implicitly rely; for if I chose, without putting it on my bare assertion,

I could give many substantial reasons, that plausible as the young lady's argument may appear, it is erroneous. But since my uncle Job's invention of the *ankle-corsets*, I disdain to give my reasons for any thing I choose to assert. The present Jeremiah Jingle is a different man from the penniless whining scribbler, who on our first acquaintance accosted you with the information, of his coat being out at the elbows. He is now quite a different being, and moves in altogether a different sphere. Hereafter when I choose to assert any thing as truth, as such my readers must instantly accept it. My motives and reasons hereafter I intend keeping to myself. — What! ask a man, who can jingle his hundreds at you, for his reason? Ridiculous! He must indeed be a "novus homo," who could be guilty of such an absurdity. Hereafter, "though reasons were as plenty as blackberries," I'd see my readers all hanged before one should be advanced for their satisfaction. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, that all the world over, but particularly in the town of Gomorah, the opinions of a rich man are the perfection of reason—that his bare assertion is argument clear as the light of heaven, and solid as the pyramids of Egypt; and woe unto the poor man, particularly if he be young, who dare think otherwise. O Plutus! how omnipotent is thy sway! how extensive is thy dominion. All mankind from one extremity of the earth to the other, are thy worshippers! The European, the African, the Asiatic and the American throng promiscuously into thy temple, and pay their vows at thy altar. Domestick peace and even national tranquillity are too often sacrificed at thy shrine.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XIV.

January 15, 1808.

POLITICKS.

I TOLD you, when I first commenced these incomparable writings—or if I did not, I tell you now, that as far as twenty-five numbers will go, I intend to write one essay upon every subject that was ever heard, thought or dreamt of. I have written, and shall still continue to write, such wonderful things, as shall assemble all the learned of the globe into the town of Gomorah, to view the place which had the supreme honour to contain so great a man. Were it not for the excessive modesty so characteristick of a Jingle, I would tell the ignorant reader of more schemes of glory that are dawning in my imagination & brightening in the perspective. What cannot a man of genius like me accomplish. He will harangue until you are tired on the virtues of a bottle-stopper, and expend all the flowers of rhetorick in setting forth the excellencies of a cork-screw. He will philosophize and moralize upon the most trifling circumstance that occurs in life, 'till he gets himself and his hearers bewildered in

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a labyrinth of subtle and refined disquisitions, from whose intricate mazes, not the ingenuity of Beelzebub himself would ever extricate them. This is genius! This is above the common level! No wonder the dull, plodding inanimate sons of method never rise to fame. They trudge along the high road, trodden since the beginning of time by their ancestors, without once attempting to launch out into the trackless ocean of discovery. They never wrap themselves in the sublime mystery of incomprehensibility, and shroud their lucubrations from vulgar perception. This is the path to glory; and by pursuing it through all its intricate windings, the candidate for fame is sure to reach the gaol of his ambition amidst the plaudits of an admiring world. Think, if I had not kept this plan in view, his majesty the king of England would have deputed an ambassador to the United States, merely for the purpose of procuring a copy of my remarks. To be sure, the ostensible motive of Mr. Rose's mission is negotiation; but this is only a guise to conceal his real design. Think you, my readers, if I had been a common writer, that I should have had upon my subscription list the bashaw of Tripoli and all the great potentates of Europe? Fame has certainly bestrided the Atlantic, and blown the blast of my greatness to the utmost limits of the earth. I am confidently assured, that Talleyrand not long since being interrogated by his imperial master about the news of the world, answered, "that nothing extraordinary had happened of late, but "the appearance of a blazing comet of literature, entitled the Remarks of Jeremiah Jingle, one of the most astonishing productions of human genius, that ever emanated from the brain

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of man. What other encomiums the immortal Talleyrand passed upon the great Jeremiah, my modesty whispers me to suppress; but be assured that this last was not the most flattering. For my part I am daily in expectation of the arrival of a fleet from France, for the express purpose of securing a copy of my far-famed writings for the Corsican hero. Besides all this flattering information, I have secret assurances from good authority, that the ruinous war in which the United States are about to plunge themselves with one of the greatest powers of Europe, is in truth not about the right of search, but solely who shall be possessed of the author of Jeremiah Jingle. But my fellow-citizens need not be in any tripidation on my account. I never will desert the standard of liberty, or be untrue to the interests of my country. Let all preparation for war against Great Britain cease. Take no pains to fortify your harbours, and suffer your weapons of war to rust in your arsenals. On myself I promise to take the burthen of the whole contest, and procure a treaty of amity more permanent than can ever be obtained by force of arms. I will "slang-whang" king George and all the base slaves of his caprices, his piratical myrmidons, into a sense of their true interests. I will learn European despots how to tremble at the voice of a free born American, and the tyrants of the east shall crouch at the feet of the American eagle. I will—in short, what will I not accomplish in my country's cause. O! these are glorious plans! These are schemes worthy the transcendant genius of a Jingle. This is to be enterprising, and is what I call a sure means of securing a page in the records of immortality. Yes! while the pet-

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ty productions of my dull grovelling cotemporaries grow musty in the lumber-room of the auctioneer, my sublime incomprehensible folios shall sink into oblivion only with "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." So much for the exordium which generally takes up the greater part of my essay. It is now time to enter upon the important discussion which is to form the subject of this number.

From the magic word that appears at the head of this number, my readers will no doubt expect something extraordinary. They infer perhaps, that I am about to take them a trip across the Atlantic, and submit to their inspection the secret papers of St. James's and of St. Cloud, or ransack the four quarters of the globe, to find news for their entertainment. Those who set out under this impression, had better throw me aside, for out of pure friendship I will just take time to inform them, that they are wonderfully out in their notions, and have nothing of the kind to expect. Politicks I mean to consider in the modern sense of that word, which means nothing more than the low electioneering tricks and petty broils of a petty village. For instance two bibacious acquaintances meet at a grog-shop, and under the influence of the jolly god, in the spirit of inspiration, begin to discuss our national affairs. One of them, destitute of every thing like honour and veracity, with the most unblushing effrontery and barefaced audacity, dares treasonably and traitorously to asert, that Mr. Jefferson has a crooked nose, * ergo, he ought never to

* This insolent, infamous and unheard of calumny against the presidential nose, has no kind

to have been made president of the United States. His companion, indignant at the slander uttered against the presidential nose, pronounces the premises utterly false, and with one final, conclusive knock'em down argument, stretches his antagonist at full length upon the floor, and at the same time by the dint of solid reasoning convinces him, that Mr. Jefferson's nose is as well-proportioned and as well endowed, as any other nose in all christendom. Ten to one if he does not shortly afterwards receive the thanks of the whole village for his patriotic conduct, and is ever after considered a great politician, invincible in the field of argument, and zealous for his country's good. This is what I denominate modern politicks. As to myself I must confess, that according to this definition, I am not a great politician. My slender frame would be but a puny argument, when set in opposition to the weighty reasoning of a knight of the cleaver; and being perfectly of opinion with honest Sancho, that "a man sleeps much more soundly in a whole skin," I have determined never to meddle in politicks, except when I have the whole discussion to myself. Sometimes indeed I have ventured to talk about the affairs of the nation with the ladies, but have found it dangerous to assail even the political creed of a woman.

In this county every person is a politician, and the terms republican and federalist are in the mouths of all ranks and ages. To shine in a private circle, a knowledge of politicks is as necessary

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of foundation in truth; and as far as my political researches have gone, the president's nose is as strait as any other man's nose.

sary, as to the speaker on the floor of Congress. Convinced of this truth, I determined to dive deep into the mysteries of government, and at least to make myself acquainted with the origin of the differences between the two parties, which exist in the United States. For this purpose I ransacked every book, which could possibly throw any light on that subject. I perused over and again the sage volumes of Maximus Magnenius, and the "political disquisitions of Muckle Que," but derived from them no information about the object of my pursuit. I conversed with the learned—read the debates of Congress—waded through all the Billingsgate scurrility of the news-papers, and have determined at last, after all my labours, that whatever might at first have created dissentions between the federal and republican factions, that those dissentions are kept alive by nothing more or less than *a pair of red breeches*. "Head of the immortal Amron!" would Mustapha exclaim, "a whole country kept in "perpetual agitation by *a pair of red breeches !!!*" Even so. The republicans say, that *in a pair of red breeches* consist the essence of all good government, and denote the wearer to be a profound scholar and an enlightened statesman. The federalists hold quite a contrary opinion, and maintain, that no man who would be guilty of *the crime of wearing red breeches*, could possibly be a fit character to be placed at the helm of the political vessel. Whether upon these principles I am federal or republican, is information that shall be reserved for *my number upon red breeches considered with regard to their political virtues*, which number I never intend to write. Thus far I will let you into the family secrets, my uncle

Job

Job is a violent republican; and indeed this is the only thing in which the good soul is violent. On this subject he departs from the natural mildness of his disposition, and would almost despair of that man's eternal salvation, who would dare to speak any thing disrespectful or irreverent of the president's breeches.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XV.

January 22, 1808.

. . . . . PROBUS QUIS NOBISCUM VIVIT, MULTUM DEMISSUS HOMO: ILLI TACEO AC COGNOMEN PINGUI DAMUS. . .

WHAT sensations of delight must pervade the breast of a stranger, at beholding the sociability and familiar intercourse subsisting among the inhabitants of this place—to witness the apparent connection subsisting between the different families. He would think them the common offspring "of one common stock." Here he would exclaim, all are actuated by a sentiment of reciprocal esteem—here pleasing convivialty and cordial friendship reign predominant, nor are tarnished by impure and selfish considerations—they are apparently united by the indissoluble chain of consanguinity—the welfare of the whole is the common cause of every individual—this is the nursery of happiness, the elysium of this earth, the "sanctum sanctorum" of every thing noble, virtuous and commendable—every face wears the smile of satisfaction; every door an invitation to hospitality—all is harmony, all

love

love and generosity. He would eulogize a[illegible]
liloquize sempeternally—would in a fit of [illegible]
siasm invoke the supreme and omnisciente[illegible]
of the universe, to grant an h[illegible]
that portion of happiness, whic[illegible]
berally dealt out to each citizen of G[illegible]
This done, the acquisition will amply c[illegible]
lance cares of a more trivial nature, or
py *mortal*, shall have reached t[illegible]
all terrestrial bliss. His m[illegible]
and reason denied her n[illegible]
teems this *seeming* peace and amity an[illegible]
structure, reared upon the firm basis of vir[illegible]
and morality, that will uphold its towering h[illegible]
even to the end of time. Erroneous contem[illegible]
is proof against the guardian voice of re[illegible]
which proclaims this to be all the specious d[illegible]
sions of an enraptured fancy. The perspecti[illegible]
as glowing as irrational; for he may rest assur[illegible]
no such perfection is attainable in this life;
the property only of celestial beings. Let
but scrutinize its materials, but examine its co[illegible]
ponent parts, and he will find hypocrisy with all
its base concomitants envy, hatred and malice, at
the bottom. Here there may appear to be an in[illegible]
reconcilable contradiction; but it requires no
great stretch of discernment, no refined and sa[illegible]
pient disquisition, to verify the assertion. What
other argument is requisite to establish its pro-
priety, than experience? When we know men
of the first rank receive their guests apparently
with all the genuine friendship of a Damon or
Pythias, entertain and surfeit them with all the
grace and politeness of a courtier, and at their
departure rail against their visits as unsolicited;
shall we blindly attribute this to friendship? The
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application is absurd and preposterous—'tis a mere mockery of that sacred name, that bears the same proportion to the reality, as Parhelion to the sun in all his meridian glory. 'Tis the shadow of hospitality, mere demi-friendship, whose lambent brightness plays only within the confined limits of their houses—their *contracted halos.* Actuated purely by a love of ostentation, he would invite and attract an admiring world to his table, his *magnetical orbit,* and immerse the deception in "sparkling goblets crowned with roseate wine." The plan is just as light as his artifice is subtle; for whatever of his motives may be concealed by this bacchanalian deluge, yet his real designs will *unkindly* skim the airy surface and present to the nice observer an accurate portrait of the man. "Vina aperiit recordaria." Then it is in spite of his exertions to the contrary, his prejudices for and against you generally will peep through all his fawning and wheedling. Or if perchance presence of mind will enable him to cloak his opinions under the feigned garb of hospitality, subsequent treatment of you will prove eminently or altogether subversive of that end. Pride or the honour of his house govern in a great measure in the one instance, in the other he acts without restraint. There is no compulsion, save only a desire to maintain appearances, a violation of which would be too palpable to pass off unobserved. Frequent repetitions inure to habitude, so that at length he becomes so familiarized to playing the hypocrite, that every person indiscriminately is a *best friend,* a *worthy* and *deserving character*; this too in his very teeth, under the impression I presume, that none but his *blusterous self* are capable of delving into the my-

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steries of dissimulation. What consummate vanity, what self-importance! 'Tis absolutely an insult to our understandings. When such approach us with calculations on our weakness, we should throw their reckonings in their faces and warmtingly proclaim them inferiors. Thus these men are *every thing* at home, whilst the least deviation from propriety abroad is magnified into an heinous offence; every little rebuke furnishes matter for enquiry, fisticuffs or perhaps *worse*. Is this the friendship? No! Friendship would teach them to bear with patience the little mistakes and inadvertencies of those, for whom they profess a regard, nor bay them with *ill-timed* and unnecessary reproaches. If our friend be parsimonious, we should say he is wisely economical. If "vain and impertinent," he is a fine pleasant fellow, and desirous of entertaining.

"Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?
"'Tis manly plainness all and fortitude.
"Is he too warm? No. Spirited and bold.
"Thus shall we gain new friends & keep the old."

Is such policy strictly adhered to in this place, or is it rather neglected and despised? Certainly there can be no hesitation in determining—how else shall we account for the innumerable broils and dissentions daily transpiring, but that they prostitute the appellation of friend to the promotion of sordid and selfish views. If a man be wealthy or influential, 'tis a comfortable thing to be enabled at pleasure to command his assistance in the furtherance of speculation or success in business—he is every thing in prosperity;—but should fortune or some untoward accident reduce

duce him from superfluity to indigence, it materially changes the face of things; and he who but a little ago was their *honour* and *glory*, has now become a *pest*, an *intolerable burden*. Their friendship is entirely mercenary — at least the hypothesis is correct, provided we may judge from the many daily instances of selfishness that present themselves. There is no such thing as disinterestedness; and you may solicit a favour in vain, unless you have in your power some ostensible means of a return. In short, independence and friendship are *here* synonimous terms; they are inseparable companions, and the one cannot survive the dissolution of the other. What degeneracy! Beware, o ye good and unsuspicious of mankind, how you receive specious smiles and proffer'd hands, unless accompanied with a beneficent eye; for the eye is a key to the heart, which with proper application *seldom* or *never* fails of admission, even to its very inmost recesses. Reflect before you go too far, that "a man may smile and smile, and yet may be a villain." Observe this, ere you stamp your destinies; for mayhap you will find, when too late, that "latet in gramine anguis." How unlike (for 'twould be injustice not to make an exception) the noble disinterested conduct, which so eminently characterizes a few others. Here could my pen commensurate with my feelings, it should speak a language that would cause the dull eyes of the base hypocrite to spring from their sockets, and his foul mouth to gape with admiration. Theirs is the pure stream of friendship that flows from nature, the *fountain head*, unadulterated with private and sinister views — theirs the "flow of sentiment and feast of soul" — like

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the polished diamond they attract the wandering glance and rivet the attention of the delighted observer. Theirs are not the sumptuous entertainments of an illustrious personage, magnificently garnished with splendid *nothings*; but the true genuine smile of hospitality renders them infinitely more grateful to the heart. Their *good old rye* is more delectable to the palate, than the choicest *Burgundy*, *Champaign* or the richest *Nectar*, the product of foreign climes. The genius of hospitality presides at their tables, and gives to the stranger a *thrice* hearty welcome; calm contentment and mild serenity play upon their countenances, and proclaim their breasts unruffled by avaricious schemes. Like the *neighbouring stream* they glide unsullied along the channel of existence, until they become embodied with the boundless ocean of eternity.

Having now paid my devoirs to the male part of citizens, left the ladies should feel themselves aggrieved at my having neglected so honourable a body, I beg leave in "humble notes to treat of an humble theme." 'Tis astonishing how exactly these *creatures* imitate their prototype, their "sovereign lords and masters," in all their habits and pursuits. Be not angry, *my sweet ones*, nor distort your *pretty* faces with pride and indignation; for you really are no other than the subjects on man. If I command, you must immediately obey; for you are my humble servants. Few, if any of you, will accede to this logic; but whether you do or not, 'tis a lamentable fact, that what I have advanced is incontrovertible. Here, my fair readers, I lay you under obligations, for supplying you with a cloak to cover deficiencies. Hereafter, should you be inter-

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rogated concerning your ſtate of celibacy, as a plea of juſtification you may affirm, you had no idea of more immediately ſubjecting yourſelves to the haughty dominion on man. But levity apart—theſe women appear to have been caſt in the ſame mould with the men; they can flatter, *turn fool* and play the hypocrite with the beſt of them, and are at leaſt fifty degrees more expert at wounding reputations, than their tutors—A *crafty host*, that will not heſitate to deſpoil the honeſt man of his fair fame, becauſe 'tis offenſive to their natures. Angels in ſemblance, but "devils in mind," they will ſting their neighbour to the very vitals, and revel in his agonies. No natural bonds, no chriſtian ties unite them, nor would they even ſupport the appearance of virtue, but for the dread of publick ſcrutiny—This, and *this* alone, lays them under coercion, however repugnant to their private inclinations. Woman, ſince the creation of the world, has been noted for her quickneſs at invention, and here the opinion is amply corroborated; for if they cannot gratify their diſpoſitions in any other manner, they fabricate a thouſand malicious tales that our ſex never would have thought of. Thus then they never are at a loſs; for when one tale becomes ſtale and rotten, all they have to do is to arrange their watchmen, give the *countersign*, and arreſt the firſt foul aſperſion that paſſes. They are eternally wrangling and quarrelling; their envy and jealouſy know no bounds, and are alarmed by the moſt trivial circumſtances. Should one purchaſe a gown that is admired, every ſhop in town is immediately ranſacked for a ſimilar pattern; and a failure of ſucceſs invariably prompts them to beſtow unlimited abuſes upon the

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unfortunate garment, and to declare, it evinced a depravity of taste in the wearer. If one attends divine worship, no matter how fervent her devotion, 'tis directly buzzed about, she assumes an appearance of sanctity foreign to her heart. Or if conscious of the uprightness of her conduct, they say, she attends merely to eat bread and drink wine.—Rash fools! know ye not, that "while her body is kneeling on its kindred earth, her soul is soaring aloft at immortality?"—But no! this is beyond your limited comprehensions; you are not formed to soar in your ideas above the dull tale of scandal. To give it plausibility, and propagate it to a licentious world, is the *sole study*, the *sole occupation* of your misspent and disgraceful lives. Gracious God! what a reflection; only for a while take a retrospect of the past, and ask what you promise yourselves in futurity? Does not a fear of the divine wrath claim *that respect* you so stubbornly deny your fellow creatures? Think, you are on the brink of an immeasurable precipice, that will, without the utmost circumspection on your part, hasten your destruction. The paths of honour and honesty are not yet so impervious, but that with a little care and a resolute determination, you may explore your passages to the peaceful abodes of virtue and happiness.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XVI.

January 29, 1808.

O ! ! ! ——————— &c. &c.
My uncle Job's 300 * volumes on nothing.

MY motto, the enlightened reader will perceive, embraces & comprehends the whole catalogue of human calamities from our whining entrance into this world, to our groaning exit out of it. Right, my dear uncle, your sentiment is just, and discovers that depth of judgment—that profound wisdom—that unerring penetration, by which you are governed in the formation of all your opinions. What is still better, most amiable of beings, it is a proof of thy benevelence; one grain of which is worth all the wisdom of Solomon. But I need not repeat to my readers what I have already told them—that my uncle Job is one of the most humane and benevolent of God's creatures. He would not lay the ruffian hand of violence upon a flea; no! not even

* I say 300 volumes only to make it even number; for the truth is, that my uncle has written only 299 on that subject.

even if it was found trespassing upon the sleeve of your ladyship's s—ft. Although an admirer of the ladies, I am certain that he would rather have his gallantry called in question, than have his humanity for one moment suspected. Go—would he say to the poor little skipping captive, (in the manner of my uncle Toby's address to the fly) after having taken it from your ladyship's s—ft—"go, unfortunate little hopping devil, "and cut thy frisks and gambols unmolested, for surely in this world there is as much room for thy vagaries, as for those of the human vermin, who are thine enemies.

But to my subject. Whether, my dear uncle, when you gave to the world this sentiment which I have chosen for my motto, you had in view the constitution of the U. States or the president's breeches—whether in the spirit of prophesy, you were vaticinating the fate of mighty nations, or describing the economy of an ant-hill—still it is a convincing proof, how deeply you have studied the volume of nature—how minutely you have scrutinized the heart of man. You have looked farther for his character, than the sunshine smile which plays upon his countenance and invites to confidence—you have penetrated beyond the specious mask which veils his nature, and found him hollow at the core—you traced treachery and deceit through all the guileful windings of his heart. Thanks to thy experience, my dear uncle; it shall be a lamp in my path to guide my footsteps, if not to happiness, at least to safety from the persecutions of a wicked, merciless, remorseless world. Intrenched behind thy 300 volumes upon nothing, I can defy its malice and laugh at its revilings. Good people, do

you

you comprehend all this? No, Mr. Jerry, not one single word of it. Nor did I intend you should. 'Tis for my own amusement I write—not yours; and therefore it is quite sufficient that I understand it myself, without taking the trouble to make it intelligible to every loggerhead that chuses to spell my remarks.

Talking about loggerheads, naturally leads me to a description of the town of Gomorah. To commence with an observation of my uncle Job, if it had only a great increase of population and buildings, a considerable accession of morals and manners, and an additional reinforcement of all the cardinal virtues, it would be a tolerable decent place, and fit to be the residence of a Christian. At present, except the filthiness of its streets, the clumsiness and irregularity of its buildings, and the ugliness of its inhabitants, it contains nothing remarkable or worthy the attention of the curious, but my own honourable, immortal and conspicuous self. In this respect it possesses a superiority, which few dirty little villages are fated to enjoy. In most other respects it is like other towns; to illustrate which obtruse proposition, I here quote you the sublime Muckle Quee:

"'Tis built of stones and bricks and wood."

It has its parasites, its demagogues and its skip-jacks—its candidates for fame, its candidates for places of power and trust, and its candidates for the gallows; which last is the most exalted station, to which many of them will ever be elevated. It has its preachers and its psalm-singers—its lawyers, its chimney-sweeps and its lawyers' boys—its doctors, its shoe-blacks and its doctors' boys; and to close once more with a quotation

from

from the "poetic panotheopia of Muckle Quee,

"It has those who will pray to God on Sunday,
"To enable them to cheat their neighbour on Monday."

I am sorry to say, that in this respect the town of Gomorah is by no means singular. Look abroad into the world, and how many designing knaves do you see who make a mere cloak of religion, to hide their immoralities from the world; how many thousand are there in existence, who follow the sacred cross with no other view, than to shroud their deep-laid schemes of villainy from the eye of suspicion, and consecrate their iniquitous unhallowed deeds. Witness the bigot, the son of holy persecution, who on the 6th day would bind his neighbour to the stake and give his body to the flames, for differing in opinion from himself—would filch from the hand of poverty "its hard earnings"—would rob the widow and the orphan of their slender pittance, and think, that by going to church on the seventh, and contracting the time-serving muscles of his face into an appearance of sanctity, to purge from his foul soul the villainies and iniquities of the week. True it is, that in most parts of the world religious persecutions have long since ceased; but in the bigot's breast the spirit which dictated them still exists. Man is man—the same ferocious tyrant, who a century since lighted the fagot for the destruction of his fellow-being, because he differed from himself in some unessential form—the same overweening despot, who plunged the reeking dagger into the bosom of his friend, because he did not offer up his vows to his God in the same attitude, or be decked in habili-

biliments similar to his own. Thanks to the genius of liberty, whose tolerating spirit in this county has chained the hell-hounds of persecution to their kennels, and permitted every man to mark out his own pilgrimage in quest of heaven.

There is another class of hypocrites—your oily smooth-tongued parasite, who before your face talks like an angel about honour and virtue, rails at calumny and detraction, and as soon as your back is turned, illustrates his theory by practically tearing your character to pieces. See yon hollow declaimer; he is extolling charitable deeds—a few moments after he is greeted by some child of sorrow, and drives him from him insulted, unpitied, unrelieved. See! the aged sufferer, while almost the only tear that age has left him, in silent testimony of his sorrows steals o'er his cheek, recounts his tale of sorrow—"This wound, "—and this—and this I received in fighting for "the liberties of my country—This tottering "frame, bowed down by age and disease, is no "longer capable of toiling for a subsistence. Fortune has dealt nothing to my portion but "the bitter bread of sorrow. Oh! if thy gentle "heart has ever felt one tender touch of pity, "administer to the sufferers of wants! bestow "your mite to fan the fleeting flame and heal "misfortune's wounds! God will reward thee, "and give the deed a page in heaven's registry!" See! the flinty wretch scoffs at his wants, and drives him out to brave the unfeeling storm, and "war with cruel wintry winds." Pitiless villain! while that tattered Lazarus sleeps in Abraham's bosom, thy soul, the companion of fiends, will burn in hell.

Such characters marked the degeneracy of ancient

cient Rome; and such characters may exist in modern Gomorah. But the inhabitants of Rome, amidst all their vices, had some semblance of an apology for their extreme depravity. They never possessed a blazing meteor like me, to light their footsteps in the paths of moral rectitude. To be sure that age, like every other, had its swarm of literary wasps—low hireling scribblers, who issued from their garrets the effusions of "malice, hatred and all uncharitableness." But since the existence of Maximus Magnemus, (who I before told you flourished in the year o), what period of the world ever beheld a moralist so capable of reforming its manners and customs. Yes, Jeremiah! thou certainly art a great man! The whimings and revilings of the envious critics attest thy greatness — the envy and hatred of Miss Gadabout and Miss Spitfire, who hate only the good and the great, confirm it; and the spotless unsullied purity of thy conscience—but above all, thy own good opinion of thyself, confirm thee both beyond a doubt.

But whither have I wandered? I have been pursuing all the mazes of digression, and I may with truth repeat with the incomparable Yorick: My pen governs me—I govern not it.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XVII.

February 5, 1808.

JEREMIAH TAKETH IT INTO HIS HEAD TO WRITE AGAINST HIMSELF.

WHEN a man sits down in a little county village, and deliberately promises to the publick five and twenty essays like mine—nay obligates himself in such a manner, as to leave no power of retraction, he does, sirs, a very foolish thing. Before he irretrievably involves himself into so rash an undertaking, he should cautiously reflect upon the innumerable difficulties that stand in his way, to thwart and oppose his plan. He should maturely take into consideration the misconstruction and misrepresentation to which his motives and intentions are perpetually liable from ignorance and malice; and besides all this, he should duly weigh that the unvarying sameness of the amusements and pursuits of a petty horde affords but few topics of discussion, which being soon exhausted, leaves him to lucubrate without a subject. Now, when I commenced these remarks, not one of these

sage

sage reflections entered my noddle; nor did I make one moment's pause to ponder and cogitate upon the probable consequences of the vast and mighty enterprize, in which I was about to engage. The truth is, I done the thing, sirs, as I do every other act of my life—that is, I completed it first, and afterwards made an enquiry into its fitness and propriety. I must confess, taking every thing into consideration, that a little circumspection on the present occasion might not have been amiss; for my difficulties and embarrassments have multiplied and encreased at every step I have taken. I again repeat, that in writing a periodical paper, if the author adheres pertinaciously to his design of noticing in his progress only the trifling incidents of a *petty village*, he will find it a difficult matter to comply with his engagements. He soon reaps the harvest presented to his sickle by such a barren soil, and a total dearth of matter quickly ensues. He goes on to play the humourist with Miss Spitfire's corsets—gives Miss Slip-slop a delicate hint about the tightness of her gown and the shortness of her petticoat — describes an assemblage of mutes, where each one sits silent, trying who can first stare her neighbour out of countenance.—And thus, after having laughed at each yahoo of the horde, before he has half finished his undertaking, he finds it full time to put FINIS to his merriment. Not because there are not fools enough in this world to laugh at—but because they are so much alike, that having heard a description of one, you are perfectly acquainted with the character of the whole. These obstacles to my farther progress I hope with a little ingenuity and perseverance to surmount. As I have embarked,

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I am determined, though I cannot proceed in a line perfectly straight quite to the end of my voyage, to go the promised distance, even though it be in a zig-zag direction, such as your honor describes, when your honor is reeling home about day break, well soaked from the scene of your bacchanalian orgies. Your honor gets a scolding from your wife—I get a scolding from critics. But your honor does not care a jot about all the wives in christendom—nor I for all the critics in the world. You, sir, are a man of mettle, a choice spirit, and not born to be fettered down by the dull forms which the cold precepts of morality prescribe. You have longs ince shaken off the shackles and their trammels, and have soared "a sightless distance" beyond the grovelling sphere in which temperance and decorum hold their sober rites. You are not to be restricted in your actions, and withheld from the scene of your *innocent pleasures*, by the superstitious prejudices of the ignorant vulgar. The supplicating look, the streaming eyes of a fond disconsolate wife, who would arrest you in your abandoned dissolute life, are equally disregarded. To prove all this, and to shew your utter contempt for the authority of petticoat government, that very night your honor goes to the tavern and gets lordly drunk. Bravo! cry I, and so, to follow your honor's example and show my utter contempt of their worships, the critics, down I sit and write a number perfectly similar to the one which met their disapprobation, not deigning to notice their worships, except only in sending a score or two of them pell mell helter skelter very unceremoniously to the devil.

Considering the great rage for scribbling,

which

which seems to be the prevailing mania of the age, I have long expected that some of these meddling gentry that infest every village and fly at the heels of every honest man in the community, would have raised an outcry against me in some dull news-paper paragraph, such as compose the columns of the Maryland Herald. This would have afforded me matter for at least one essay; but I must find some expedient to supply the deficiency arising from this disappointment. Whether I am to attribute this total neglect of me to my being above or below criticism, is a matter of no importance; for as it regards myself, the effect is the same, & as each valorous knight has declined the combat and left me entire master of the field, I have nothing left for it, but to commence a most violent attack upon myself.

Thus I begin. Pray, Mr. Jerry, thou most ethnick, heathenish, gothick, unchristian rascal, what hast thou been about for the last two or three months of thy life? Say, thou ill-begotten child of the devil! thou companion of the wicked! does not the retrospect strike thee dum—or art thou callous to shame? Art thou not some fugitive from justice, who has escaped from the gallows and come hither to torment the good people of Gomorah with thy abominable wickedness? Yes! I see a gallows in every word and sentence thou hast written. Since thy career of authorship commenced, what crime hast thou not committed?—what deed of iniquity hast thou not perpetrated?—what law of religion and morality—what rule of decency and propriety hast thou not broken and infringed? That thou swearest, is evident from thine own confession; & that thou lyest, need not be repeated. Hast thou

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not, thou sacrilegious rascal, dared to invade with licentious pen the sanctum sanctorum of the people's honour, happiness and safety—the president's breeches? Hast thou not attempted to expose the vices, the immoralities, the follies and the foibles of the rich and the influential; while thou darest to insinuate, that virtue is virtue, even when found among the poorest and lowest classes of mankind? Vile slanderer! didst thou not endeavour with thy foul calumnies to sully the spotless purity of Miss Staytape's corsets? For which of these acts dost thou not deserve to be thrice three hundred times hanged. But even here the catalogue of thy villainies does not terminate. Without giving warning either to the author or to the world, didst thou not most thievishly, most clandestinely and most feloniously steal, pilfer and take away three whole, entire and complete sentences from the works of Muckle Quee, and transplant them into thy own vile, nonsensical remarks? Moreover, art thou not a servile imitation of Salmagundi; for in thy first number was there not a self same individual * word which appeared in the writings of that author? Art thou not likewise a base, pitiful copyist of the stile of Tristram Shandy; for are there not frequent dashes and blank lines between thy words and sentences? In fine, whom hast thou not imitated, and from whom hast thou not pilfered? It may well be a subject of doubt, whether there is one original idea in thy whole collection of ill selected nonsense. Indeed it is re-

* For this bright idea I must confess I am indebted to the instinct and sagacity of Bonum Securum.

reported, that thine uncle Job's three hundred volumes upon nothing is the source, from which thou hast drawn all thy remarks. How wilt thou excuse—how wilt thou palliate these roguéries; for certainly thou wilt not deny them? In fine, Jerry, the best that can be said of thee, is—that thou art a scurvy, pitiful plagiary; and in preserving thee from the gallows, fortune has long cheated the halter of its due.

Thus you see, ladies, I treat myself with as little mercy, as I do yourselves. In this selection of choice delicate epithets, many of you may recognize your own language, and the charges exhibited, are the substance of what you have yourselves alleged against me. How far they go to establish my guilt, I leave the world to judge—Not that I am too modest to take upon myself the decision; but because that I think it not worth the trouble, &c.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XVIII.

February 12, 1808.

My cousin Timothy.

WHAT a devil of an uproar would that create among the good people of Gomorah, said my cousin Timothy—who is sitting at my elbow as I write this—now and then furnishing me with an idea, which is generally too high seasoned with the pepper of sarcasm for my *moderate* sober way of thinking. Being very much at a loss for an exordium, I took the exclamation, such as it fell from his lips; and without considering for one moment, whether it was, or was not suitable to my purpose, down I placed it. Now what gave rise to this exclamation, is precisely what I do not intend to disclose; for it *might* summon the blood to your ladyship's cheek and dye it a thousand hues with the crimson of modesty. It is a vile story; and if your ladyship's curiosity is painfully and *dangerously* excited, Tim, who is not half so nice and scrupulous as myself, will gratify it in three words. While he is giving your ladyship the detail, I will take the liberty, in compliance with a former promise, to sketch his character.

Tim,

Tim, you must know, is the wicked son of my father's sister, and therefore is, according to the canonists and civilians, my cousin; for the circumstance of his being wicked, does not, according to the opinion of the lawyers, at all invalidate his claim of consanguinity. He came into this world in the manner of all the sons of Adam; at least my uncle Job in his 300 volumes upon nothing, has recorded *nothing* to the contrary. Taking this fact for granted, without disturbing the ashes of the physician and midwife, who officiated on the occasion, to confirm it, we will usher my cousin Tim fairly into the world. Tim, like all great and singular characters, who afterwards become the heroes of biography, before he could talk or act, did and said a thousand omnious things declarative of his future greatness. If we can confide in the gossips of the village, "those moving chronicles,"—he never did any thing like any other child. His earliest infancy gave signs of a pregnant genius; for he blew his nose, eat his bred and butter, made his ball and played his marbles differently from any other little ragamuffin of the village. There was a vigour and brilliancy of imagination discoverable in the manner of spinning his top; from the very tail of his kite scintillated the brightest coruscations of fancy, and on every act of his infancy was written in characters legible at least to the discerning eye of a mother, genius and eccentricity. Every person had some curious anecdote to relate of Tim's smartness; and every person proclaimed and predicted, that if Tim lived to reach the age of manhood, he would be a very odd queer sort of a fellow. Now, I do not pretend by any means to affirm, that all these extraordi-

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nary facts and incidents came within the sphere of my own knowledge; I give you the story such as I had it myself from the gossips of the village. Whether the tradition be correct or fictitious, and founded upon the real oddity of Tim's present character, is a matter of speculation I at present have not time to investigate—but certain it is, that among the neighbours he was esteemed a prodigy of smartness. Upon this reputation, Tim founded a right to play with impunity as many mad pranks, as were consistent with his mischievous disposition; and big with ideas of his own importance, somehow or other managed to keep the village in a perpetual uproar. If an orchard was robbed or a window broke, Tim was sure to be pitched upon as the culprit. If the favourite tabey of any of the old maids of the village should come home singed and disrobed of her furry mantle, whoever might be the perpetrator of the deed, Tim was sure to bear the blame. If an unfortunate cur of the village, persecuted by the malice of fortune, should happen to come in contact with a parcel of frolicksome shavers, & return to his master with a tail & a pair of ears the worse for the rencountre, Tim's shoulders, without the benefit of a trial by their peers or otherwise, were sure to be burthened with the guilt and punishment of the whole affair—no matter whether innocent or guilty, 'twas all the same thing; Tim's back was infallibly assessed in heavy damages for the trespass *vi et armis* committed upon the appendages and appurtenances of Towser's r—mp. 'Twas in vain to remonstrate—'twas in vain to make solemn asseverations of his innocence; prejudice had irrecoverably passed her arbitrary sentence, and Tim's

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lacerated back found no quarter from the rod of his persecuting tyrant of a pedagogue. If Tim had courage to commit an act of mischief, he had likewise fortitude to bear the consequent punishment, &would at the moment bow in silent acquiescence to his fate. But woe to the unlucky abadarian, if ever circumstances threw him in Tim's power. The inventive genius of my cousin, ever fertile in resources, never permitted the victim to escape, until he had received ample retribution for every birch of which on his account the parent tree was robbed. To his cruel and often unmerited sufferings while a boy, I attribute much of that spleen and acrimony, which mingles with the more amiable traits of his disposition, and often induces him to view and describe a subject in the worst possible light, in which it can be delineated by misanthropy. If any disgusting picture, in which Miss Crabstick and Miss Wormwood are the principal figures, could by any possibility be overcharged, I am certain—mark me, madam—I am positively certain, that those two *amiable* ladies smart at this moment under the effects of the mutilation of Towser's r—mp. Now how far this is the case, and how far the mutilation of Towser's aforesaid r—mp had a secret influence in colouring the portraits which Tim has so skilfully drawn of Miss Crabstick and Miss Wormwood, is what I relinquish to the sapience of grey-bearded philosophy. The subject is too nicely interwoven with the cobwebs of logical subtlety for my shallow brain; and some of its delicate fibres might be discomposed in attempting to trace this difficult point through all the mysteries of cause and effect.

My cousin Tim is an excessive lover of ridi-

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cule. Not even the pulpit, as he has already proven, is too sacred for his satirical genius, whenever its peculiarities present a fit target for its shafts; and he would unhesitatingly strip the surplus from its holy wearer, whenever he suspected that it cloaked hypocrisy or masked folly and deceit. But notwithstanding this unfortunate propensity, which in Tim amounts to an unconquerable habit—notwithstanding a cast of severity in weighing the actions of men, with which the peculiarity of Tim's education has tinctured his mind, of this I am certain, that his generous soul would revolt from the idea of giving a moment's pain to the meanest individual. True it is, that he is a great lover of mischief, and can't for the soul of him—as he has often assured me—let slip an opportunity of playing his pranks, whatever may be the subject, or whoever the object, that strikes his fancy in a whimsical light. But I have already said, that it is contrary to his nature to premeditate injury or insult to the meanest individual. The instant that the momentary exhilaration of spirits, which occasioned an assault upon the feelings of another, had time to subside, the tear of repentance washes from his character every suspicion of wantonness or cruelty. My cousin Tim has just commenced his professional career; and surely never was there a son of fortune ushered into publick life, who combined in one character a greater number of oddities and eccentricities. He has the greatest abhorrence and detestation to all kinds of form and ceremony. Was a monarch to cross his path, unless a whim of politeness should seize him at the moment, his majesty would pass Tim unnoticed. I have seen Tim enter the most gay

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and brilliant assembly with one hand in his bosom and the fingers of the other in his hair. At another time I have seen him pace the whole length of a crouded room, repeating sentences aloud from some favourite author, with as much indifference for the company, as if he had been perambulating the recesses of some gloomy forest, where there were no other auditors of his soliloquy but the venerable ash and the towering oak. Now Tim's eccentricities are not studied, and as far as he is acquainted with himself, his oddities are a subject of regret. 'Tis nature's hand hath formed his thus; 'tis she who made him different from the rest of his species, and transfused into his system a something, which leads into perpetual aberrations from the common tract. He has an appellation different from the one in common use, for every thing that occurs. A tea-party he denominates a hot water convention, or a committee of scandal; & a dancing party, to which he has an utter aversion, he distinguishes by the appellation of a kicking match. Tim once undertook, on a pleasant summer's day, to escort some young ladies a mile or two in the country. Most unfortunately for my cousin's reputation as a gallant, he had to pass the very street, which led to the house in which he lived. By this time they reached it. Tim had got completely absorbed in his own reflections; and forgetting that there was such beings in existence, mechanically turned down to his lodgings, leaving the ladies to pursue their walk alone. — Gracious heaven! — for it would be vain and chimerical to attempt to cap my clymax without an exclamation—Gracious heaven! what an uproar did Tim's adventure create among the female

male yahoos of the neighbourhood! The corset affair, consider it, sir, in what light you will, was nothing to it. Tim, for the time the ferment lasted, might as well have been surrounded by all the crop-tailed devils—I say crop-tailed devils; for those I am told by persons deeply versed in such matters, are the most mischievous of all devils—that inhabit the infernal regions.

I promised my readers, when I submitted Tim's letter to their perusal, to inform them how far my sentiments were in unison with his. I will just briefly state, so much do I admire and applaud every sentiment throughout the whole piece, that if Tim would put it in my power, I would publish with pleasure half a dozen precisely similar, and think myself honored in giving his speculations to the world.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XIX.

February 19, 1808.

My chapter upon asses.

YES, said I—taking from its shelf a volume of Don Quixote as I repeated the words—some of thy pleasantries, my honest friend Sancho, thou child of simplicity, shall furnish me with a subject. If indeed it be only the braying of thine ass—the man of genius even from that will extract something for the laughter loving son of Momus. Warmed with this conceit, I turned over this page, and that page where the braying of Sancho's ass was recorded; but in no one page did Sancho's ass bray any thing suitable to my purpose. He was, Sir, except myself, one of the most unphilosophical asses that ever chewed a thistle. He contended himself to journey along through this life, taking each good and evil, each pleasure and pain, just as they presented themselves. Like his master, he was satisfied with lamenting the effect, without taking the trouble to inquire into the cause. But in this honest dapple thou art not singular. How many mitred and sceptred asses—how many asses robed in the gorgeous purple of office, and in whose care are the

the destinies of thousands of their fellow beings, who sink like thee into the grave, burthened with just asmuch true wisdom, as they brought from the cradle. If like thee, dapple, many of the asses of this world would adhere to those sounds, which nature intended they should utter, and tread that path, which SHE intended they should pursue, how much more pleasantly would we all journey forward together; how lovingly, Madam, should we all jog on, smoothing each others road and strewing it with flowers, soothing the woes of each sorrowing companion, and kindly wiping each wrinkle from the brow of desponding care. But alas! gentle Madam, there are a thousand unlucky incidents, a thousand mean dirty passions in this cross-grained world, to thwart the plans of philanthropy. Each silly ass is anxious to appear in a character different from his real one. To this may be attributed the eternal wrangling, elbowing and cross-jostling, which destroys that little portion of happiness we poor devils might otherwise enjoy. Was it not, Madam, for these infernal villainous jealousies, each ass of us would carry his pannier load of *goods* and ride quite over the isthmus of time, and drop it peaceably and silently into eternity without a murmur against his fellow. See, Sir! there are some ten or twelve asses have set out with the same object in view, and might mutually assist each other in its attainment, but for that spirit of contradiction, which ever annihilates harmony and concord, and involves them into eternal bickerings. All is strife, all is confusion. Each foolish ass although his own path is equally good, is contending for that of his neighbour. Behold that *wicked* little devil of an animal, that kicks and

bites

bites with so much fury——that ass, Sir, is the ass they call JEREMIAH JINGLE.

Believe me, I know him well, and can with truth pronounce him as good natured a brute—and I may add, as careless and as merry a one, as ever curvetted and caprioled it through the thorny mazes of mortal existence. His character has been misconceived—prejudice and defamation have combined to blacken it. In the commencement he went along, Sir, in the most perfect good humoured manner imaginable, contentedly eating his own thistle, and never, in any way whatever, interfering or meddling in the concerns of neighbours. If he met a civil animal in his way, he treated him with as much politeness and urbanity as a well bred ass knows how to exercise, sparing him as much of his road, as was compatible with his own convenience; and whether it was an ass in or out of office, it made no difference in his conduct. If he fell in with a poor animal, whom age, misfortune or disease had enfeebled and rendered incapable of carrying his burthen, after drooping his ears and dropping a tear to the sorrows of his fellow, he would do every thing in his power to assist him in getting safe to his journey's end. Tell me, Madam, what urbane benevolent ass could do more?—and what christian ass could do less? But the truth is, that this aforesaid ass had a failing in common with my cousin Tim; he could not, for the blood of him, let slip an opportunity of doing a little innocent mischief—I say, innocent mischief; for if upon reflection it struck his mind, that it would give a moment's uneasiness to one individual beast of them, he would have shrunk from the commission of the deed. To deal candidly

didly with you, Sir, this careless good natured ass never reflected at all. He would set the parson's wig on fire—for you must know that there are parsons among asses, or asses among parsons, which ever you please—and never dream that he had done any harm, until the whole solemn congregation of asses had left their devotions to laugh at the exploit. This propensity, you may fairly and justly conclude, gained him the ill will of most of the gang with which he herded, and subjected him to numberless injuries and insults. So indeed it did; and they found him by no means slow in resenting them; for no sooner was he touched with the goad, that his heels flew like lightning at the offender. I'll risk my old coat upon it, that when we saw him laying so furiously about him, he was repelling some wanton calumny uttered against his character as a well-meaning, civil, virtuous, upright ass. Notwithstanding his having treated Mr. Affidavit and his turnpike a little rudely—notwithstanding his having so woefully bespattered and bemired Miss Gadabout, as he ran incautiously by her, I will *pugnibus et calcibus* maintain him to be an honest well-meaning ass against the whole world. His conduct on that occasion was in consequence of an unprovoked attack; and the sin lays at their door, not at his. So ends my chapter on asses.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XX.

May 24, 1808.

TANDEM VINCITUR
ET
PEREGRINI REAIIT.

JEREMIAH CONQUERS,
AND
PENELOPE HAS REFORMFD.

JEREMIAH JINGLE having at first found it meet to deal in asperities, witnessed with some anxiety the temper and coolness with which his remarks were received. He held up to a part of the community a mirror, that represented them with their vanities and deformities "thick about them;" and like all candid counsellors, his exertions have been construed into ill nature and presumption, his admonitions execrated; but finally, he is happy to see not neglected. Although most of the damsels of the village, who have the

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honour of his acquaintance, and all the "little-minded old ones," who bigotted to the morals of Æsop, "that young men think old men fools, but old men know young men to be fools," were for stripping us even of the right of thought, and themselves of the possibility of doing wrong, have nourished against him misplaced prejudices and opinions; yet his condescension to inform them of their reformation and his forthcoming approbation, may again secure him a smile—Yes, he may now perhaps enjoy the elysium of a smile on some one of his pupil's nectared cheeks! he may again witness the sweet motion of her coral lips to speak to him; for now he comes in a welcome shape to show himself their friend, not their enemy—an object worthy their gratitude; not one, whereon to wreak their indignation and spleen—their admirer, their friend, their lover; not their calumniator or their assassin. How pleasant the transformation! his little and big stiff and stout gossips converted by his efficacious medicine into Lavinias and angels, who would not now scowl upon him, did heaven come to add another scourge to his cat and nine tails. On taking into consideration the close attachment and difficult removal of improper habits, which like the envenomed shirt of Hercules become as it were engrafted on us, Jerry cannot withhold the admiration due his *fair* fearful readers; they have merely perused his numbers one carefully after the other, committed them to memory as mothers of old, made children do their prayers, kept them as guardians and whispering counsellors constantly beside them, and thus were enabled to drive off the enemy without loss or bloodshed, and with but little more expence. Never did shepherd undertake to manage a more wandering

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and fantastic flock, that so soon put them in the straight and smooth path whereon the may move without *rattling* or butting. Indeed this welcome metamorphosis resembles the delightful season now feasting on our eyes with its inviting verdure and balmy breezes, succeeding the cold and contracted winter. Ceres herself does not more rejoice at her prospect, nor greet with more pleasure and pride the approaching spring, than does Jeremiah the moon's mild beams now tinging the calm and peaceful countenances of his fair penitents. Virtue and beauty have again agreed to reign unmolested together, swearing an eternal warfare against the interregnum of scandal, envy, hatred, malice, "taking by storm," & all uncharitableness in the female empire. The modest, fearful, palpitating bosom in virtue's name solicited an additional vestment; the aching, begirdled half-starved rebel in story of old, potently supplicated a little holiday and less denial; the snow-white arms, blanched & frosted in last winter's weather, prayed a fragment to protect them from the heat of the summer's sun—their prayers were heard, and their generous auditors no sooner heard them granted. Amiable human fellow-beings! ye cannot be told that virtue came to your door ragged and cold, and ye clothed it not; with pinched ribs, and ye loosed and fed them not! Recompense will copiously await you; warmth and health will be your rewards; what you loose in the gazing of the multitude, you will gain in real admiration, strength and life. But this subject Jerry considers a secondary cause of congratulation. The external appearance, although certainly requiring some regard and attention, serve merely as inducement, and not the foundation of love and esteem; not by

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any means the principal mark at which he aims. To a distant spectator the superstructure may recommend the edifice; but unless the groundwork be pure and sound, the whole in defiance of its lustre and form, will assume a rotten and tarnished aspect. Believe me, my "word is truth." This principle has its operation in almost all kinds of dealings and articles of traffick; in horses particularly it is most scrupulously attended to, as landlord Swop will inform you, if you call on him; but should you be apprehensive of swopping yourself away in an attempt of getting his advice, you may conveniently consult others, men of profound penetration, even though the animal for animadversion should be encompassed in the ajaxian gown of seven bull-hides. There is captain Comfort or captain Strutt, also Joe Jockey or Frederick Farobank, all, all honorable men, and will at once give affirmation to what I tell you. I am however digressing in my usual manner. I was going on, gentle reader, to state how inferior is the consideration of outward form, whose late improvement is only conducive in a secondary degree to the self-congratulations of Jingle. Other changes, more material to the security of individual repose and social harmony, appear to pour forth libatious, and Jerry joyfully accepts. "The mild lustre of the blooming morn" has granted its captivating influence on the celestial and ruby cheeks of our sylvan deities. "Virginis mutantur et nos mutamur cumilis"—our Zantippes have returned to Lucretias; and Jingle swears obedience to the example of Brutus, and will avenge their wrongs. Madam Moppet, whose morning-pale or evening turkey-cock countenance gave the tone to the mutable airs of *our daughters* of Gomorah, has in a great mea-

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sure lost her command by an *accidental let-slip of the tongue*, and her too frequent desire to pass her non-intercourse bill; she is therefore out of the way of mischief, but not altogether reformed. She is, you must know, a mighty anxious mother, (& so much to her credit) but at the same time infringes on the rule of Horace, "ne sutor ultra crepidam." She unfortunately took it into her head, that Billy Bigcam was wofully and *briefly* gone in love with the pride of her heart, the chicken of her own egg, modest little Molly Moppet. This Molly is really a well inclined damsel, and would profit much from our lessons, if allowed to be sole monarch of herself, and to treat her beaux as her own inclination suggests—but no, poor little girl, before she thinks of buckling on her corsets to go to a ball or even a dried beef convention, she is obliged to ask mama who she must dance with, and who not dance with; who talk with, and who be right sociable with, &c. &c. Then the sage matron commences her preparatories, and impregnates little Molly's mind with spite and fire and flashings, and her wee corporosits with hills and dales, and her shapeful shanks with spavin to kick; then utterly forbids her even looking towards Billy Bigcam the whole night, because he danced three times hand-running the other night with Betsy All-Lone at Mr. Bellcor's party, and did not set by her even time enough for her to exclaim the hint, "oh, I wish "I could get a good partner, for really George "Jawcrack frequently becomes entangled in the "mystic mazes of the dance." Again peace to her manes; she too has reformed. Penelope, Charlotte, Gertrude, &c. &c. have read my numbers, culled their odour, diffused it through their minds, and assumed with the season a sweet

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serenity. Indeed, indeed, some miracle has wrought a reformation, and Jingle is vain enough to ascribe it to his goodly works. He will now with pleasure and a love-inviting visage attend a ball or a party, and n'er fail to do his duty.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XXI.

June 14, 1808.

"CUPIAS NON PLACUISSE NIMIS."
ONE SHOULD NOT PLEASE TOO MUCH.

NOTWITHSTANDING that I have been congratulating myself on the apparent revival of good humour and social harmony among the inhabitants of this changeable village, how am I disappointed in still perceiving those, who insist on wearing the caps which my *random* imagination fashions for nobody; for sometimes yielding to its whimsical entertainments, such are the fantasies and unmeaning figures which it conjures up, and which Jingle for amusement and his own sheer diversion paints, without the assistance of a prototype. He however reflects, that it is not the best policy to please too much, too constantly, or to make exertions to please all with impartiality. Such has apparently been the only fault of Jerry's remarks; he has exercised his abilities to amuse, until some of his *conscientious* readers have become jealous, and his own humours been such, as may be strained to savour a little of some of their real characters. Know then, that Jeremiah Jingle has a soul which holds detrac-

detraction & libellous scribbling in too abhorrent a light, to feel even a momentary censure from his conscience for any observations which he may have made use of. Then why, it may be enquired, does he give us this preface? His answer is, that his condescension to do so, is merely to gratify the wishes and remove the fears of his amanuensis, who was much terrified the other day at a certain citizen's threats and curses, when reading his last remarks. — The object of these essays is, to correct the heart, at the same time that they may furnish some amusement to the senses. Lampoons and anonimous satires are too often exercised as the poisoned darts of curtained cowards; the secret daggers to stab unsullied reputations, which Jerry's readers and acquaintances must by this time know, are remote from his intentions. Attempts at evil are dangerous things; and as fighting is not one of our most pleasant customs, 'tis best to practice them on fictitious personages. If peradventure, in representing the suggestions of my lone-laughing fancy, any trait should be marked out, or any feature touched upon which looks a little like self, which appears to whisper "this is meant for me," laugh if you are wise "ridi si sapis," and dont drop the paper in a violent passion, or abuse it as scurrilous or ridiculous, nor exclaim aloud: this is intended for me, and if Mr. Jingle had spirit to throw off his disguise, I'd make him repent — No, if the galled jade will take my advice, let her not wince, but laugh heartily and proclaim it extremely witty and entertaining, no matter how replete with false humour, scurrility and typographical mistakes it may be; for Jingle wields a pen so merciless, that it probes to the bottom the cavities which it discovers, and divests

vests of their extraneous garbs. Taking this advice, you will not only evade these strictures, but the observations of spectators more ill natured and more malicious in their prejudices. Jerry informs you therefore of your errors, your backsliding and wanderings, tells you of the proper manner of concealing them from others, and at the same time establishes a land-mark, by which you may find the plain and easy path leading to reformation. Why then abuse and charge him with personal prejudices and obloquy? His plea is the necessity of operative remedies in cases of violent and persisting diseases. If he has incurred a fault, 'tis the fault of over-pleasing, which his motto new warns him of, and determines him for the future to avoid. Modest and well-timed exertions to please the company in which we are, or the society in which we live, discover a benignity of heart, an unsuspecting conscience and a trait above all the most laudable, a regard for the opinion of the world, and the consequent desire to conciliate the favour of every body. But then these attempts should emanate from sincerity within, and not from the distortions, the studied postures and decorations of the body.—These are not the materials which constitute the durable and attractive virtue of pleasing; they are evanescent appendages and frailties, which although they carry no crime with them, strongly predict the awful and unavoidable destiny which awaits their wearers. Like smooth and beautiful wax-figures, they for a time furnish pleasure to the eyes, which themselves become wearied, when the other faculties do not participate in the object; "for whatever contradicts my sight I hate to see, and never can believe." As soon as all within appears inanimate, and the dic-

dictates of your hearts are suppressed, your outward proportion becomes obscured in our minds, and we loose sight of your tawdry superfluities. Affectation with all its gawdy blossoms withers and fade, for they are not supported by a root in the original soil of the female mind.—Behold its votary,

——"Her spirits faint,
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid tint,
And scarce her form remains."—

No! the soil is pure and fertile, the fruits beautiful and inviting; 'tis only the superfluous flowers that require to be lopped off, and of those affectation is the most noxious; 'tis that *bane* of your beauty and simplicity, which too often interposes its influence without resistance, and constitutes one of the greatest impediments to the free tendency of the female mind. They that yield to it, are disguised by its varying airs, and the mind is forced into continual exertions to maintain that semblance, which sooner or later is betrayed. At one time you appear to us in one character, and at another, almost assuming a different *nature* or a new visage, you subject us to the necessity of a fresh introduction and acquaintance. Your features and persons are not the only sufferers by the *varnish* of this deceiving *lapidary (affectation)*; but your sentiments, your conversation, your every act partake of its disguise. Monosyllables supply the place of good sense and appropriate remarks, because you have not premeditated the manner, gesture and countenance with which you would express them. Your company, so much sought for and valued by us, is often withheld, because you have not yet determined upon that plan of behaviour, which will most probably display your attractions to ad-

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vantage. To render the metamorphosis complete, you appear to be every thing than you are in reality—thus you run counter to the very end which you so industriously labour to attain; for in wishing to be thought a paragon of perfection, you destroy that claim to it, which your simplicity might otherwise have entitled you to. How different in appearance, and how totally in effect is the conduct of the unadorned artless child of simplicity! Her language, the pure effusions of an unsuspecting innocent heart, whose every sound is borne by the sacred and delicious breath of truth and nature, conscious of her exertions to please all about her, therefore suspecting an enemy in none, how sublime the contemplation of her mental tranquillity! With a disposition amiable and contented, being perfectly satisfied with herself, she is never cloaked in fictions and artifices even to produce the sunshine of a day. Such are the qualities which Jerry's ideas on this subject had always determined him to search for; and such are her's, with whom he hopes to be blessed. His pen would cease to perform its duty, did her attempt to delineate a full portrait of this unsophisticated daughter of nature. He will therefore merely render the outlines, by using Pope's description of his statira: Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives a mild lustre to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought."

It

It will not be wondered at, that I should be so much in earnest in making my remarks on this subject, when I mention a rencountre that happened sometime since with a promising pupil of affectation. "Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?" Having been absent on a visit many a weary mile from this, I of course felt much joy on my return at seeing my friends in the village, and from education felt entitled to express it by a good hearty shake of the hand; among others Miss Magpie was the first whom I saw in a large company, and to her I directed (though at some distance) a very low and obedient bow. Had she been the empress of Morocco, and I an humble supplicant, kissing her imperial *big toe*, her majesty could not have been starched with more hauteur and *would-be* dignity. By this time I had advanced within a step of her *Lilliputian highness*, and gave her hand a sincere *how do you do* shake, when to my astonishment and confusion she jerked back her delicate hand (spasms in every finger and devil in her eye) with such impetuosity, that fortunately for me it took place in the *dark*; or most assuredly I should have carried home with me a bloody nose or *black eye*; but enveloped in darkness, I dextrously evaded her nails and elbows, and left her to *bully it* with herself. But this was not the worst of it; Dolly's elbow in flying *fore* and *aft*, came sweetly in contact with the hard wall—'twas then that I received the thick volley of short emphatic sentences, such as *d—nd s—n of a b—ch*, &c. &c. &c. with many other foul and opprobrious expressions; her *heretofore* soft and mild eyes flashing fire, her cheeks swollen to the utter destruction of her dimples, and her pretty little mouth distended to the width of a *large cat-fish's*. Thus to my

mind

mind she resembled more a *fury* of *hell* or *imp* of *damnation*, than the placid and angelic Miss Dolly Magpie. I gazed with amazement at beholding the tumultuous workings of the muſcles of her pretty face. She in all probability attributing my emotions to regret of her *mighty* displeaſure, with the moſt charitable intention in the world aſſumed a calm before the ſtorm was half exhauſted, and to quiet my anxiety, good naturedly began to hum a *love-air*. Thrown entirely off my guard, with aſtoniſhment at this aſſumption of quiet ſo incompatible with the boiſterous yearnings within, I exclaimed, good God! are theſe the effects of affectation? does it enable perſons at pleaſure to conceal the devil under a ſeraphic garb? Indeed thou art a commodious property, that will at any time kindly lend your poſſeſſors different appearances to ſuit their different purpoſes. — Thus ſhould I have apoſtrophiſed for an hour, had not Miſs Dolly very unexpectedly given me a moſt unmerciful *horſe-kick* on my poor *br—h* with her *heels*, that ſent me headlong into the ſtreet, to bemoan at leiſure the *dreadful* mishap and plaiſter the painful contuſion. Thus, my dear ladies, I have given you a faithful narrative of this affair, and will now humbly take my leave of you, after begging your attention to the opinion of one of your ſincereſt well-wiſhers, that you will lack applicants for your hand and heart, as long as you practice various characters and exhibit double faces.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XXII.

June 21, 1808.

ECCE SIGNUM, LEM!

BY way of preliminary to what shall follow, I have to inform my readers, that I have made a discovery, which is not only important to the public, but very distressing to Jerry himself. I have found out, that I cannot conceive bantlings at pleasure, any more than the ladies of Gomorah can cease talking slander. Poor souls! what will they do for the want of some helpless, unoffending creature, against which to vent their spleen. They will have to turn their attention to something else, in which they are less proficient than in the art of retailing scandal.

Jerry will soon be done—They may rest in peace. In the mean time he will have to desert the metropolis of his undetstanding, in quest of a few "scrapings and skimmings" from among its environs for this day's repast. He may probably extend to you a little Irish hospitality *)—

This

*) *Every person, I presume, knows, what is meant by Irish hospitality—It is, where the honest Hi-*

This kind of civility is very common in the literary world—it ought to be guarded against. But to come to the "sum and substance" of my story, this number is intended to convey to the public, information of the anxiety and distress which secretly preys upon the very vitals of my most particular friend Lemuel Lipsalve. If it should meet the eyes for whom it is intended, it may probably relieve him from a quandiary, which keeps him constantly fuming and fretting.

I was the other day conversing with him on the subject of love and matrimony, terms which are more familiar to him than the Lord's prayer or any similar affair. I was really much diverted during the course of our learned discussion, to see him suddenly putting on a grave solemn aspect, and seriously making it a question whether beauty, merit or riches should prevail in the choice of a wife? Now, although there may appear nothing laughable in this scientific quere of my friend's, yet to me it was a source of great amusement, being an eye-witness to his woeful appearance, being privy to certain circumstances which I mean to relate, and consequently knowing the whole scope, essence and quintessence of his enquiry.

I was aware that he had for a time cherished a divided, a tripartite attachment—I knew that he

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bernian feeds his hungry guests with potatoes by shovels-full in the day, whilst he borrows them by bags-full from his neighbour's garden in the night. Nothing is more certain than that the Irish peasantry are the most civil, hospitable people in the world; though it is equally certain, that they can shift for themselves between two days, as well as the best of us.

he was bent upon getting a wife; but who this happy being should be, Lem was at a loss to decide. Miss Daisy, Miss Bodkin and miss Spangle are all equally the objects of Lem's affection and most fervent veneration. Charlotte Daisy I have long ago informed you, has as pretty a doll-face as ever went to market; Miss Bodkin is but another name for worth, virtue and innocence; but Miss Spangle has—ah! she has—the rino; and "there's the rub." And now, how he shall reconcile the conflicts of his contending pretensions, is the question; and how he shall bring the result to bear, is one of no less importance. The gems which surround Miss Spangle have truly an inviting appearance; but Lem dreads making an advance towards them, lest in case of not succeeding, he may be taken through *a course of sprouts* by his other two goddesses—and well he may fear; for of all things in the world, preserve me from a *woman's* wrath.

A short account of my friend's appearance and circumstances may not be unacceptable: The truth should never be concealed; Lem is poor—wretchedly poor—destitute of friends, except such as Jerry himself, who has long since apprized you of his deficiency on the score of cash. He is no ways prepossessing in his personal appearance, demeanor or address; but as good, as worthy, as true hearted a son of Adam, as ever *cut corn.* He is not forward or presuming, and yet not forbidding; he has a soul which ennobles its possessor; he has—yes, he has—but here I will forbear, as I am not accustomed to wanton with the plume of panegyric.

Unwittingly I have given this crude and detached account of Lem's predicament to the world, and without his consent. I have paid my hum-

humble tribute to his virtues at the bar of public opinion. If any thing I have said can be serviceable to him, he is welcome to it; but I wish no part of this number to be made a record in the annals of his courtship, as evidence of insincerity on his part—No, for I swear by my uncle Job's knee-buckles, (and they to be sure are no great things) that he is positively neck and heels in love with all three, and is now ready to conduct to the altar of Hymen, the first one who will give him the least sign of a symptom of an idea, or will even tip him a wink that squints at matrimony.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XXIII.

September 19, 1808.

THE irregularity with which my productions have of late been given to the world, has excited surmises and conjectures, many of them not very conducive to the establishment of my character as a man of genius. Many a wise brain has been set in operation to discover the cause, and many an addled one has emitted its crude and presumptuous suspicions on the subject. True it is, I have not conformed strictly to the various stipulations of my contract; and when an author thus violates his own promises and transgresses against the rules of his own creation, an apology is naturally expected by his readers. It is a deference which they think due them on the score of patronage. This apology, though contrary to the usual independence and careless indifference of my stile, in consideration that it will promote my own immediate views and furnish me with matter for at least part of a number, I will for once condescend to offer. One magical word will effectually serve my purpose—will solve every unfavorable appearance and wipe away every suspicion hostile to my character as an author. Like all my fellow-citizens who

would

would go a short way to work in extricating themselves from difficulties and embarrasments, no matter from what circumstance or cause in nature they may arise, or no matter of what description or complexion they may happen to be—I appeal to the Embargo, and under its mystical influence seek protection from any claim or demand which the publick may have upon the workings of my pericranium. To almost as many purposes as there are stars in the firmament has it already been converted. By government it was originally intended as a scourge to whip the tyrants of the deep into a sense of justice—to stop the hateful progress of oppression—to teach the enslavers of mankind, that there is still one spot upon the earth where the divine and unalienable rights of man are still revered. But national interests and imaginary lines which separate kingdom from kingdom and nation from nation apart, let us consider it by the rule of eternal justice which should influence every human action. This measure, while it creates a vast mass of misery and suffering at home, consigns thousands abroad to a premature death under all the agonies of starvation. It snatches the lean morsel from the starved mouth of indigence, while overweening oppulence, whose inordinate ambition impelled the measure, survive its devastations. The honest labourer of Europe sees his pining infant raise the tearful eye of supplication, it solicits a morsel to allay the cravings of hunger. Alas! child of sorrow! offspring of misfortune! vain is thy petition. Dire ambition has unstrung thy father's arm! The sweat of his disconsolate brow manures the soil in vain! His honest labours are no longer rewarded with that *premium*, which nature's God intended they

should

should receive! He sees thy little frame wreathing in the grasp of death; his icy hand presses heavy upon thine eyelids; the oil of life is exhausted from the lamp, and the grim tyrant closes the scene! "Man is indeed a wolf to man," and while the guilty ministers of oppression glut themselves with rapine, poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

On the justice and policy of this measure, as a means of enforcing an acknowledgment of the rights and privileges of our government, I do not pretend to decide, I only lament that depravity of character, that brutal ambition, which pervades the human breast and impels the necessity of measures so dreadful, so calamitous in their effects, to impress it with a sense of right. However just, however necessary may be the step on the part of our government, it has palsied the energies of industry—has unnerved the arm of honest labour and stinted its gains. But I have fairly taken leave of my subject. My only business with the embargo was to explain how it affected the operation of my mental faculties and produced a stagnation of ideas. There is, says Rory Magnifico, "an intimate connection and a close sympathy between the breeches pocket and the animal spirits." "Like the mercury in the thermometer they rise and fall in proportion as its contents increase or diminish." Canst thou not, Jerry—canst thou not in the vicissitudes of thy changeful existence—in the incessant ups and downs of thy eventful life, find ample evidence corroborant of this most melancholy fact? I have seen the goddess Pleasure seated on her throne, arrayed in her most captivating allurements and waving her wand for votaries. I have seen the laughing light-hearted crouds as they

assem-

assembled at her altar—peals of convulsive laughter shook her spacious dome—poverty, disease "and all the nameless ills of life" had fled from the magic of her sceptre—even the murmurs of distempered love and the howlings of remorse were there hushed into a momentary repose. My heart bounded with delight—my soul was on fire to mingle with the group. I advanced a step to join the giddy throng, but a sudden flash of recollection stopt my career. Where, said I, (thrusting my hand into my breeches pocket with an air of despondence) where is thine offering? Even in the temple of Pleasure avarice holds sway, and her mercenary satellites will drive thee from the altar. The illusion was dispelled, and I retreated in disgust to growl at the strumpet fortune for having blindly bestowed her gifts on fools and knaves, while I and a thousand other jolly, fun-loving, care-detesting blades, who have souls to dispose of them, are shackled with poverty and yoked to indigence.

So great an effect farther, says Rory Magnifico, has this secret influence upon the human system, that in ninety-nine instances out of an hundred, from the cut of a man's jib I can tell the state of his breeches pocket. Observe that young prig of fashion, who has just sallied forth from some nook or corner where he sought refuge from an host of clamorous duns that were wont to assail his ears with the thunder of their demands; does not his altered physiognomy which no longer presents a full length portrait of despair, speak plainly the replenishment of his small-clothes treasury? The muscles of his face which for some time past has worn the gloom of despondence, is now relaxed into a grin of importance. His mien is erect—his step firm, and ever

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and anon as he thrusts his hand into the aperture of his inexpressibles, a swell of importance adds an inch to the perpendicular of his stature. He is now to be seen chiefly in the publick square and shines conspicuous at all places of crouded resort. His ideas flow with rapidity, his address is bold and confident, and he is loud and voluble upon every topic of discourse. But let us follow this hero into a reverse of fortune. A few trips to the Pharo-table creates a total revolution in the aspect of affairs. How instantaneous, how wonderful the metamorphosis! As his funds diminish, the strutting blustering hero dwindles into a skulking debtor. His hand is now thrust into his breeches pocket with a melancholy shake of the head, that conveys the mournful intelligence of its lank and altered condition. His look is timid and his deportment careless and slovenly. The fire and animation of his countenance has given place to a look of sullen despondence. He is now no longer seen mingling with the group that attend publick places—is no longer heard vociferating his opinions in the publick square. You only catch a glimpse of him now and then as he momentarily emerges from or dives into an alley. In the impauperated Jerry do you not recognize the original of this portrait. This embargo has ruined the sale of my uncle's wares, and I am again thrown upon the flood of chance, to be dashed about at the mercy of its billows. Is it then surprising that the periodical exactness of the whim which originally regulated the appearance of my productions, should yield to such a combination of depressing events. From the great merchant who speculates in thousands, to the petty huckster who sells a penny's worth of ginger-bread in the streets—

from

from the enlightened statesman burthened with the care of his country's welfare, to the boisterous vender of birch brooms, the embargo has been an excuse for waving an immediate compliance with their respective contracts. Surely then, I will not be the only individual excluded from the benefit of this universal plea.

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XXIV.

October 10, 1808.

THE mild and tranquil reign of peace, at least among its female inhabitants, is once more restored to Gomorah! The tacid armistice of mutual forbearance seems to be generally acquiesced in, and the last faint murmur of dissatisfaction has ceased its vibrations on the ear. The tainted breath of calumny no longer floats upon the atmosphere, and the discordant din of an hundred malice-moved tongues has lulled into silence. Even Miss Wormwood has drawn off her forces from the field of battle, and if her vengeful spirit is not appeased, she has retired to growl her discontents where they will prove no longer an interruption to the peace of society. Calumny slumbers and detraction is at rest. The design of my productions is accomplished. Its object is effectuated, and had I not pledged myself for a specific quantum of nonsense, I might now hang up my pen to moulder with the family archives.

Yes, if in the progress of my work I have excited reflection in the mind of one individual fair, if I have expelled from it one foible calculated to counteract the power of her charms, I am

more

more than compensated for all the odium and for all the abuse I have encountered. I saw some of them led astray by the errors of education; prompted by humanity, I made use of this only expedient in my power to arrest their wandering footsteps. Those who have thought my pen dipt in gall and attribute my effusions to malice, have formed a very false estimate of my character. If I have sometimes indulged over freely in satire, it arose from a conviction, that the cold preachings and stale aphorisms of rigid morality are ill calculated to facilitate the work of reformation. They are seldom honored with a perusal, and if they are, leave no lasting impression. The gay and the thoughtless, for whose good they are generally intended, consign them to the lumber-room to slumber with suberannuated philosophy, or moulder with the musty records of antiquity. He who would aim at a reformation of manners, must enrobe his lucubrations in a more gorgeous attire. To allure the gay and fix the attention of the gawdy, they must appear in a more splendid garb than is decorous for the dull formula of systematized morality. In place of a laboured scheme of ethicks, he must delineate the human character in its most striking attitudes under the influence of particular motives. In fact he must "catch the living manners as they rise."

Nothing is calculated to make a more lasting impression than the representation of some living character within the sphere of our own observation. We see the influence which his vices or virtues have upon society and upon himself—we are incited to scrutinize ourselves, we are led to catechise our own bosoms—we see what is amiable strikingly illustrated, and we endeavour to imitate it—we see the disgust which

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is excited by a vicious or licentious action, and we shun it with abhorrence. Does an author satirize an individual of our acquaintance, we tremble for ourselves; we endeavour to shape our conduct in such a way as to avoid a similar fate. Is a character drawn in all the glowing tints of virtue, humanity, benevolence, we are fired with emulation, we burn to be objects of similar admiration.

The shafts of ridicule will pierce with conviction and a desire of reformation when every other means has failed of its desired effect. We cannot bear to be objects of laughter to others. An insinuated suspicion of the integrity of our principles does not excite sensations so acute as a conviction that we are objects of ridicule. It grates on one of the tenderest chords in the human system.

Dry morality and harsh reproof only excite obstinacy and a spirit of opposition in the mind of the person to whom it is directed. The first opportunity the culprit will repeat the fault from mere resentment, and glory in the seeming independence of the act. But season the reproof with ridicule, and the effect is instantaneous and unerring.

After these few crude observations from the lumber-room of my own pericranium, I cease my lucubrations to afford room for the remarks of a young prig, who has requested the publication of the following letter:

DEAR JERRY,

If a constant perusal of your remarks, and a deep and profound veneration for yourself will entitle me to ask a favour of you, I know no person better entitled to that favour than myself. I

wish

wish you, Sir, to spare me a corner in your next number for these observations, in order that if the person for whom they are intended does not reform, you may have an opportunity of giving her a little salutary advice in your last.

Sir, I am a constant attendant at church. I do not go with that sinister object in view which generally actuates persons of my age, "to see and be seen," it is a conscientious motive which leads me to deem it the duty of every person to attend divine worship, even though their sentiments are not in unison with the votaries of the temple. But my devotions are eternally interrupted by the incessant stare of a young lady who usually sits directly opposite. She fastens her gaze upon me during the whole service, and except now and then, when it is employed in a complacent self-approving survey of her own charms, is never averted from my blushing countenance. Now, Sir, I am a raw youth and have not been much in the company of the ladies. Perhaps that is the reason I feel so much abashed at the conduct of the young lady in question. But, Sir, I cannot tell how it happens that my confusion is of a different kind from that produced by a similar conduct of others of her sex; for you must know that having the misfortune to be accounted pretty, they all steal an occasional glance at me. I cannot for one moment support her look, my eye involuntarily falls under her glance with the rapidity of lightning. May not this, Mr. Jerry, be owing to her great assurance, and to her uncommon effrontery may not I attribute the unusual palpitations of my heart? Do, Sir, give her a severe lecture on this subject. Tell her how extremely indecent and indecorous it is to disturb the devotion of young men and draw the atten-

tion

tion of the congregation from the object of its assemblage.

SOLOMON EASY.

No, Solomon, not one word of reproof have I for the lady. It is so natural for woman to play the coquette, and so natural for man to be entangled in her syren wiles, that to intermeddle in this affair I should deem an interruption of the usual course of things. No! no! pretty Solomon; ten to one if your eyes were not the first aggressors, and I am much mistaken if from present symtoms the lady does not lead you a pretty dance ere she ceases to be the ignus fatuus of your delusion. Hey! Solomon, you blush, do you, and look down when she eyes you, and feel unusual palpitations about the heart. Why man, these are unerring symptoms! None but a raw lad, such as you represent yourself to be, could for a moment mistake them. The swift poison has taken possession of your blood—its progress will be rapid—by and by, Solomon, your bosom will be heaved with a gentle sigh and swelled with "wishes yet unknown." This is the second stage. Presently, Solomon, every place will be uneasy to you but that one in which she is. Your days will be restless and dissatisfied—your nights disturbed by the torturous images of "dreaming love." Solomon! Solomon! beware of church! I fear the object of thy worship is not "the God of Sabbath."

JEREMIAH JINGLE.

NUMBER XXV.

December 12, 1808.

A RUSTY, MUSTY, FUSTY OLD BACHELOR.

Muckle Que.

THIS number will terminate the literary career of the petulant scribbler, who has so long excruciated the sensibilities and shocked the delicate nerves of our beaux and belles. Let joy be diffused among those to whom his speculations have been obnoxious; for they may now proceed to the unmolested and uninterrupted perpetration of their follies. Rejoice ye gorgon-like defamers ofsuperior merit! you may now wield your adders with impunity. Rejoice ye sons of frailty! whose foibles have made you fit objects for the shafts of ridicule and the lash of reproof; for your licentiousness will no longer be arrested by the wholesome voice of expostulation and advice. Ye captious critics! tread lightly upon the ashes of the departed Jerry. Ye splenetic cavillers! ye incessant persecutors of merit! restrain your gall, nor let its overflowings stain the unblotted page sacred to his memory. Ye old maids! whose tempers disappointment hath soured, and whose bosoms despair hath corroded, wither not with your slanderous breaths the laurels

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on my tomb; for I never have meddled with your monkies, or your tabbies, or your parrots; I never have pointed the finger of ridicule at the wrinkles on your brow, or derided the grey locks that whiten your temples. Meddle not then with my remains, for I never have mocked your misery or scoffed at your misfortunes!!!

Ye old bachelors——but stay! where shall I find contemptuous epithets expressive of your insignificance! In vain I search for them! Description is bankrupt and language is totally inadequate! Ye poor, pitiful, petulant, contemptible, dull, cold, rigid, frigid, peevish, fretful, splenetic things!——but well may I exclaim with Falstaff, "O for breath to utter what you are!" Ye rough, rugged, uncouth, untamed, churlish, surly, selfish, haggard sons of care and sorrow! who have grown old in rebellion against the sovereignty of the fair sex—who have never tasted the exalted joys of matrimony—who have never gladdened at the torch of Hymen—whose woes are as numerous as the holes in your stockings, deal leniently with my errors, for I am one of you. Pity my misfortunes, for like you I have sipped the bitter cup of single wretchedness—like you have been an alien to the sweets of wedded love.

But let not my being an old bachelor be imputed to me as a crime. I have already told my fair readers, that I have done every thing in my power to avoid it. I have coquetted with the flirt, I have moralized with the prude, I have danced attendance on the rich, I have paid my devoirs to the poor, I have danced with the giddy, I have prayed with the pious, I have courted nymphs of all ages from fifteen to fifty, I have admired eyes of all colours—blue eyes, black eyes, grey eyes, green eyes; I have flattered the ugly as all beau-

tiful,

tiful, the ignorant as all wise. Heedless of truth I have scattered incense and adulation around me as the most infallible method of ensnaring some unwary nymph. Tickled with the tale of their own perfections, they smiled, they ogled, they simpered and they looked soft; but I afterwards had the mortification to discover that it was themselves and not me they loved—that it was themselves and not me they adored. Once or twice indeed I was on the point of succeeding; but just as my hopes were raised to the highest pitch of sanguine expectation, a gold-laced coat or a cockade appeared and blasted them forever.

Yet by some strange infatuation, by some magic illusion of the senses, this inconstancy of disposition only renders them the more lovely and increases the eagerness and ardour of my pursuit.

O woman! of what art thou composed. How exquisitely art thou formed! that even thy frailties render thee an object of veneration and excite enthusiastic devotion. How soft the silken bonds, which hold thy votaries in durance!—Yet how much more durable than adamantine chains!

Her blandishments has enticed the hero from the pursuits of glory, and her allurements has incited him to seek the laurels of victory amidst the carnage of the embattled plain! The fate of nations has been decided by her tears! Their eloquence has won cruelty from its purpose and soothed into tame submission the stormy tumults of ungovernable fury! The wise and the unwise, the philosopher and the fool bend in suppliant and promiscuous adoration at her shrine!

Before the bright blaze of female beauty, man, surrounded with all the boasted superiority of his

sex,

ſex, clothed in the majeſty of all his attributes, is but a pigmy—a tool—a toy—a poor, weak, defenceleſs, impotent being. To conclude my rhapſody with a truth which I deem unexceptionably juſt, *women govern the world.*

But that ſentiment of enthuſiaſtic admiration which I have always felt for the faireſt, the beſt of creation, has hurried me from my ſubject. Indeed I was never much famed for a very tenacious adherence to my text. I was ſpeaking of old bachelors, and the theme is too fertile a ſource of animadverſion to be eaſily relinquiſhed. Of all contemptible animals, ſaith that prince of philoſophers the enlightened Muckle Que, not even excepting old maids, (for it often happeneth that it is not in their power to alter their condition) the moſt pitiful, the moſt contemptible is a muſty, ruſty, fuſty old bachelor. I might here quote a number of other reſpectable authorities to the ſame effect. Proof indeed might be adduced from holy writ in ſupport of my poſition; but I am convinced there is not a pretty maid of fifteen who deigns to bend her ſmiling eyes upon theſe remarks, who does not give full and implicit credit to this aſſertion, without the ſanction either of ſcripture or philoſophy. It is not merely in the filthineſs and uncouthneſs of his external appearance that an old bachelor differs from all the reſt of his ſpecies; 'tis in the diſtempered emotions of his boſom, 'tis in the corroded paſſions of his heart, 'tis in the ſickly feelings of his ſoul. His mind is narrowed and contracted; every energy of his nature is enfeebled; every purpoſe of his exiſtence is defeated. What old bachelor ever roſe upon the affections of the people to civil pre-eminence? What old bachelor ever plucked glory from the brow of his coun-

country's enemy in the conflict of embattled hosts? When despotism reigned or tyranny oppressed, what old bachelor ever stabbed for the liberties of his country? What old bachelor ever laid the foundation of a mighty empire or propped the ruins of a falling state? France enjoyed most happiness when her emperor was governed by his wife! France has arrived at the achme of her greatness under a tyrant, who owes his first aggrandizement to his wife!

Among the sons of fame, whose valour or whose virtues has transmitted their names to posterity, do you find one single old bachelor? Do you find the deeds of one single old bachelor registered in the page of renown? True it is that Sir Isaac Newton, whose gigantic talents bore him in his researches after truth beyond the limits of the globe—whose lofty genius unravelled the mysteries of the universe and explored the secrets of nature, died an old bachelor. But do not hence infer cause of triumph, ye musty race of snarling old bachelors, for this blot in the escutcheon of Sir Isaac did not proceed from any avertion to matrimony. Like myself he more than once experienced the capricious inconstancy of the sex. Sir Isaac, madam, (meaning any old maid who is interested in my story) loved the women—loved them dearly; but he loved, saith the sage Muckle Que, astronomy better. Indeed the same grave author positively asserts, that had it not been for the sun or the moon, or some other unfortunate planet, Sir Isaac would have assuredly been blessed with a yoke-fellow. The story runs thus: This illustrious philosopher being informed by his friends that a certain young lady would make a very suitable match for him, he immediately set about falling in love with her. The lady

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received his attentions with ſuitable kindneſs, and Sir Iſaac, while ſitting by her ſide one day ſmoking his pipe, in a tender ſtrain of ſighing languiſhment, interrupted only by long pauſes of philoſophic meditation and whiffs of tobacco, actually did commence an avowal of his paſſion.—But horrabili dictu! in the midſt of one of his moſt eloquent and pathetic ſtrains, an aſtronomical whim ſmote the brain of our moon-ſtruck philoſopher, and his love-tale and the charms which produced it were all entirely forgotten. Sir Iſaac's imagination had beſtrode its hobby-horſe and was ſoaring in the planetary ſyſtem in ſearch of unknown worlds, peopling planets or meaſuring the tails of comets. So deeply was he immerſed in the problem which occupied his attention, that he might have been wandering among the moonites for aught I know till this time, had not a ſcream from the lady arreſted his career. Ye celeſtial beings, who watch over the affairs of love!—ye deities, whoſe province it is to ſcatter its myſtical influence in the hearts of the children of men!—ye powers, who controul the tender ſenſibilities of virgin boſoms, ſay, declare what ſtormy emotion produced this ſcream of anguiſh from the lips of the fair one!!! Was it juſt indignation at the ſudden and abrupt termination of the philoſopher's love-ſick homage? Was it the hyſterical qualms which ſometimes convulſe the nerves of a fine lady?—Or was it the war of cats, the wreck of china or the cruſh of glaſs? Was it—but ceaſe conjecture to fan the never-dying embers of curioſity; for is not the important fact recorded in the Goſſips chronicle, and is it not no longer apocryphal? The whole affair, madam, when plainly and honeſtly told, amounts to nothing more or leſs than this: Sir Iſaac, in the

height

height of his philosophical reverie, still continuing to smoke his pipe, very leisurely, very composedly and very mechanically *made use of the lady's little finger for a tobacco-stopper!*

Good heavens!—for nothing less than such an exclamation will cap the apex of this pyramidical story—Good heavens! what would I give to have witnessed the lady's indignation—to have seen her lovely bosom swelling with anger—her pretty lips convulsed with passion—her sparkling eyes no longer beaming the mild rays of love, but flashing the fires of distorted rage. True it is, when the aforesaid scream recalled his wandering senses and informed him of the faux pas he had committed, Sir Isaac very gallantly and very genteelly apologized by telling the lady, *that he had entirely forgotten that there was such a being in the world.* But the implacable fair remained inexorable to entreaty. She wisely concluded, that a great philosopher would make but a poor husband. She argued, that if a lover before marriage in the transports and zeal of a declaration of his passion should forget the attentions due his mistress, he might after marriage forget the essential duties of a husband to his wife. Thus ends the amour of a great philosopher; and all that can be said about the matter by way of comment is, that Sir Isaac Newton knew vastly more about astronomy than he did about love.

Farewell ye old bachelors, and to the honor & glory of Gomorrah be it spoken, few of its sons seem inclined to incur this reproach. I shall now take leave of my friends by thanking them for their patronage—of my enemies by cautioning them against abusing me when I shall have ceased to write. Let them carry about them the recollection of this truth, that if his spirit has ceased to ex-

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ift in one form, it may revive in another. Yes, and by the manes of Peter Pasquin I ſwear! that it ſhall revive and chaſtiſe the ſneer of malice and the inſolence of reproach. I will appear in pamphlet and in news-paper, in ſatire, in philippic, in paſquinade—nay in every form of literary terror will I haunt the diſturbers of my repoſe. The knowledge of my exiſtence broke upon you in threats. Have I not fulfilled them? I will now expire in menaces; terribly ſhall they be accompliſhed, if my repoſe is violated or my tranquillity diſturbed. My daily cogitations ſhall be on means of retaliation; my nightly viſions ſhall be dreams of revenge.

JEREMIAH JINGLE,
alias
PETER POLEMIC.